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THE BAR OF NEW YORK.

BECAUSE there are some fifty desperate rascals in the Bar of New York, numbering over fourteen hundred, it is the fashion to raise the cry of Lawyer! on all occasions, pretty much as the cry of Mad-dog! is raised in mid-summer.

Are there no short-measure merchants (we would like to know), false-weighted grocers, plated-ware peddlers? Now we undertake to say, as a class, the Bar can hold its own against any denomination of men. What other dealer was ever known to cast off, as a mere act of generosity, ten, fifteen, twenty-five per cent. of his gains? Yet this is often done by the lawyer in settlement of costs. What tradesman, from general considerations of the good of the community, and in the exercise of an abstract charity, was ever heard of as turning away custom from his own door? And yet this is an every-day occurrence in the law-offices of this city. How many slander suits, cases of assault, bitter family feuds, revengeful demands for the aid of the law, unjust and oppressive claims have been silenced by the interposition and suasive influence of counsel? We say it of our own observation, that we believe as many suits are silenced and suppressed (to the sole injury of the lawyer) as are put in prosecution. Little does the community know, in its free charges against the Bar, how much it is indebted to it for its peace and good order. It may claim a rivalry with the pulpit, nor be ashamed to look its competitor in the face.

We have no doubt, on the other hand, there is a great deal of sunken treasure in the law-offices of this city, funds of clients who have died suddenly, money shared by collusion, knavish executorships, money unjustly extorted from poor men, usurious bills of cost, gold wrung from needy or fearful men (tender of good name and respectability) by every crank, lever, and screw the devil puts in the hands of a dishonest lawyer to work with. But we do not believe—we are not willing to allow—that the Cross of the Forty Thieves is clapped on every law-office without distinction. We know two or three honest lawyers, we think.

Our lawyers, as a body, partake of the spirit of the place, and have, like all our other classes of business men, the rapid, American, off-hand manner of dispatching affairs. They could not spare the time nor pains to powder their wigs in the morning, and the gown would sadly impede their movements, and bring them down from ten miles an hour to half that speed.

The old Bar, just after the Revolution, had more solidity and gravity of demeanor, and said "Your Honor," "the learned counsel," and "gentlemen of the jury," much oftener than our modern practitioners. We think law is practised in this city, just now, pretty much as cheese is sold over the counter, or coats "got up" in large numbers for wholesale stores. There is but one man in the whole Bar of New York, who has what we conceive to be the old-fashioned barrister look: a small man, with a brown coat and a velvet collar, snug-fitting pantaloons and low shoes, with an indescribable foxiness of expression in the countenance. That man (to his honor be it spoken, professionally) humbugs juries awfully!

In the convulsions and changes of this age of progress, the lawyer has, as far as we can recollect, held fast to but one of his immunities: he still employs red tape to secure his law papers in a bundle, and seems to retain a little of his old pride in displaying it in Nassau street. Things, men, usages, go by the board very fast in this country. The Bar of New York has not, therefore, many old retainers. There were a few old Judges—one marvellous old man in a high state of preservation—from whom, as if in a process of embalment, every element of decay is dried out, and who seems to have grown immortal on the bench: a few grey-headed criers and clerks; and, perhaps, a sweeper of the chambers. The court rooms themselves have no relish of antiquity, no mouldy or mouldering corners or niches where the voices of the eloquent ancients linger; no cobwebs, at least no cobwebs of special interest, for the spiders change their quarters every May-day.

Under the new Constitution the great functionaries lead the dance, and appear and disappear on the bench, like the figures in a pantomime, with scarcely a chance to open their mouths. In the old time something of a cultivated and constitutional gravity seemed necessary to an appointment of this nature: a black cloth suit was indispensable, and a measured pace in the streets could not be safely neglected. Now jerked up (this is not spoken profanely) by the thumb of the people into these stations of eminence, they partake of the popular *abandon* in which they have their origin. We are told that Judges have been lately seen sitting, in Insurance and Cotton trials, in their shirt-sleeves. We have not seen them.

If it is objected that the tone of our society is already furiously oracular, what is to become of us when in the course of a quarter or half century these organs of judgment are let loose upon the community, and every hotel and dining-room swarms with Ex-Judges? The much-censured gravity of the Americans will strike a deeper tinge and we shall in every company have a "few more" titled individuals. The time approaches when every other man in America will be an editor or judge, and we will be compelled to discover and introduce, in the spirit of the ancient Helots of Sparta, another and subordinate race to read the newspapers we edit, and listen to the law as laid down by retired magistrates. That we suppose will be a sort of American Millennium.

The intellectual characteristics of the Bar

of New York are, we should say, good sense, business talent, considerable tact, but no genius, no wit (or little), some humor and drollery, fluency, but not often eloquence, very little or no imagination. Power over the feelings—pathos—is exceedingly rare. We can call to mind but one speaker at our whole Bar, who possesses it in an eminent degree—and he is irresistible. He carries nine cases out of ten with this single weapon. In a sea-case, where the poor sailor is in jeopardy, or where he pleads for life, his silvery voice flits about the scene and falls upon the jurymen, like the light of the moon, softening them to a tender sympathy in which all harshness disappears.

Every trade, calling, profession, has its bastards. There is a breed of fellows calling themselves lawyers and counsellors at law, whom we do not care to mention by their popular designation because it is rank in the nostrils: but whom we must say a word or two about preparatory to their going into the hands of the d—l. These gentlemen are always shabbily dressed (they may have some poor devil's watch upon them and the chain traversing, in splendor, their tobacco-stained waistcoat)—with a slouchy collar to their coat, an old hat and a hang-dog look, with watery eyes significant of innumerable foregone drinks at the small corner groggery. They are generally seen skulking about the pillars of the Tombs, or creeping stealthily up and down the lobbies about the court-room doors. They are on the look-out for a victim, and, with practice, they know him, as the fish-hawk knows the fish he strikes for in the water. Some men, affected by the tattered condition of the poor customer approaching, would turn away and leave him to perish in the course of nature. Nothing can stir our worthy from his purpose. He would strip the victim of even his wretched garments, to secure a fee or the symptom of a fee! he would sacrifice the poor fellow and his whole generation—and he often does—to have his Ten Dollars "counsel raised."

"My poor son! my poor son!" This is a woe-begone woman in the cheapest possible black gown.

"Yes—yes. He is in difficulty—I see. Took something by mistake?"

"Oh! he is innocent. I know he's innocent!"

"We'll easily make that appear. The Judge is my particular friend—"

"Thank God!" cries the widow.

"Not too soon. The fee must be raised."

The poor widow hasn't a cent, not a farthing: she must go home immediately (it's broiling August) and pawn her furniture. He gets the fee and does nothing—because he can't. In like manner he deals with the wife whose husband is "in"—the poor emigrant cheated by land-sharks—the German who has been robbed by his fellow-boarder. It's lie and plunder (and do nothing) from morning till night, as long as victims are to be found. After sundown he makes for a small grog-shop near by, where he lies drunk through the night, and (sometimes intermitting a day) begins afresh next morning. This creature is sometimes called a lawyer. He is no such thing. He is a highway robber.

[From the *Courier and Enquirer*.]

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, died at his own home; the place made illustrious by his association with it. There, where he had ever gone with such eager enjoyment of its comforts and its employments—more prized and valued than place or power—there, where pilgrims, even while he lived, had gone from all parts of the realms of civilization, that they might know and converse with the greatest and best; there with the voice of a united approbation constantly coming to him from the people, he met the arrow of death. It came suddenly—so suddenly, that the tidings of his decease and his sickness came simultaneously to the Halls of Congress.

JOHN ADAMS came to "the end of all living," at his residence in Quincy, surrounded by the atmosphere of books and of study—to him congenial and delightful. He refreshed his aged mind by the strong thoughts of the classical past. His conversation was the richest pouring out of the results of an observation from a high, and honored, and useful position; of the incidents and experiences of the stormy and strong day of the Revolution.

"All of which he saw, and part of which he was."

The fourscore years and ten—beyond that verge of old age which comes "by reason of strength,"—was a time of usefulness. He remembered what had gone before, and by its light illustrated, to those who were so favored as to enjoy his converse, the Present. On the most memorable day of that month, July, which has proved so fatal to Presidential life, he died—realizing what day it was, and rejoicing in it. The lamp of existence went out gradually, and the Nation mourned as that great light of the Revolution went out.

It was on the same day that THOMAS JEFFERSON breathed his last. To him the end of life had come with slow and observed progress. His great age withered under no weariness or wreck. He had pledged the full measure of the fame that this earth could afford. Everywhere, in different hemispheres and languages, eminent and illustrious—with the friendship and the respect of those most distinguished and worthy of distinction. Monticello was regarded as a locality to which a visit was an era in one's life. There he uttered the matured and perfected judgment—speaking as one confident that he gave no unmeaning oracle. His countrymen sorrowed that he had departed when they heard of his death, but recognised the time as a glorious termination to such a career.

The Man of the Constitution—the wise and accurate MADISON—in himself the embodiment of the complete statesman—finished his earthly career as quietly and calmly as such a character might most fittingly desire. In the service of his country he had grown up, and had filled to the admiration of civilization the long series of public station which his country insisted he should occupy. He died in his own good State, Virginia, to which, for so many years, such intellects as that of his and JEFFERSON, and the rest of the long line of intellectual rank, had secured by an undoubted title, the appellation of the Ancient Dominion. He parted from life rather than was suddenly severed from it, and the news of his death came over the nation like the gazing at the sunset of a glorious day.

It was in this great city—amidst the "pomp and circumstance" of a civic celebration of the Nation's Birthday—that the patriot, JAMES MONROE, breathed his last. The roar of the rejoicing cannon—the manifestation that the

men of the Revolution were remembered—rung in his dying ear. He had been one of them. He had enjoyed the confidence of the Father of his Country. "I will send Mr. MONROE," said WASHINGTON to that famous Committee of the Democratic party, who called on him respecting the vacant embassy to France. The country saw with astonishment the death of another President on the anniversary of American Independence. Surrounded by the kindness and attention of his own kindred, his frame yielded to disease, after a struggle of many days. The city turned from its rejoicing to pour unfeigned sorrow over the last of the Presidents who had won a place in the hearts of the People, in the eventful days when Colonies faded and States sprung to being.

And who will—who can ever forget the death of brave Old Tippecanoe? He who had by valor and fidelity, by doing courageously and honestly all his duty, found such a home in the people's heart, that the herculean effort of desperate party machinery could not remove him thence. He who, in the faithfulness to his principles and his friends, and candor and courtesy to his opponents—conducted a canvass, of such vigor as the like never before was seen, and has not since been experienced. He who, after winning and wearing the laurels of the proudest triumph that ever a civic contest afforded, yielded to the Destroyer. Even yet, it is vivid in our memories, of the intensity of feeling with which the news of his illness was watched, as it came (with a laggard step, which would now be unendurable) day by day, and of the tears that fell from "eyes unused to weep," when the man that never lost a battle, left this world of uncertain happiness and most certain grief. The White House then first felt the tread of the skeleton foot, and the startled heart of the People throbbed with a fervor of sorrow till then unknown.

The brave warrior who never lost the enthusiastic confidence of the people—a confidence against the giving of which able men reasoned well—but which was fully yielded to the last; the man of determined will, and whose energy wrote strong records in his country's history, died in the midst of a peaceful home; those around him, who were spared to attend his declining years, and with their kindness making radiant life's last hour.

In the Hermitage, the President who had wielded power, so fully and freely bestowed, by a popularity, between the era of WASHINGTON and his own, without parallel—in this retreat from the cares that do so wait upon place and station, General JACKSON died. He had lingered long; he felt and acknowledged the slow and sure step of decay. His fame belongs to the country. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could so cluster the affection of the people around him.

In the Capitol itself—within the arches that had echoed back his words of surpassing wisdom and eloquence, he died—who

"His sire a sage—himself a greater was."

As, from his very boyhood, he had been identified with the public service, so the halls of the public council heard his dying words. The business of the Nation was hushed in silence, lest its progress should disturb the parting spirit, and the assembled Representatives knew it was a reflection of the will of the People, that they should gather around his coffin, as children when a father dies.

Though health forsook him in a moment, there was time for the Nation to hear the tidings that it was about to lose its highest intellect—its most valuable memory—Freedom's

veteran—he who never faltered in a good cause, or spared a bad one. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS seemed, though aged, to be of the class of life's busy men, and in the midst of energetic action, he died. There were none to fill his place, and it remains unfilled.

Mr. POLK, when he met the fate that comes to all, was the tenant of a happy home, surrounded by all the circumstances that tend to make life a condition of good. He had achieved at an age much younger than that of his predecessors, the highest honor his country could bestow on him. That he became President by a popular election, is an evidence which a thousand theories are powerless to gainsay—that he was a man of ability, of talent. He had an eventful Administration, the history of which in wisdom and impartiality it is not yet the time to write. Its anxieties and cares wrote their sad impress on his physical frame. His decease—so soon after the expiration of his term of office—seemed painfully sudden, and all other feelings merged into an universal and unfeigned regret. There was a consoling remembrance in this—that it was at his own home, in the State whose annals he had honored, that he went to his rest. There hearts that had known him best were ready to console the bereaved—and reflections such as these soothed and softened the last struggle.

And of the last and keenest blow that has fallen on the Presidential ranks, what adequate words can be uttered? It is the commander dying in the midst of the battle—the man at the wheel shot down when the struggle is fiercest.

Everywhere the pen of power and the voice of eloquence are speaking to the full heart of the people.

The thread of Destiny seems woven into a warp of mystery, by events such as that which even yet have scarcely lost their feature of wonder.

The manner of the death of President TAYLOR is known to all. The future has its own light or shadow.

One only of those who were elected to the office of President remains—and with vigorous health. Long and happy be the evening of his days. He has passed from the arena of his competitors. One who has borne the highest of earth's honors may well rest satisfied.

SENTINEL.

REVIEWS.

The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D., &c., &c. By George Combe. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

THE life of so clear-headed and active-minded a man as Andrew Combe, written by one having so much in common with him as his elder brother, could not fail of being an interesting book. Even had it included little else than the correspondence here given, there is in that so much individuality and vivacity, that it would have been very pleasant reading. Perhaps the very qualities which make the Scotch such poor metaphysicians, render them good letter-writers and agreeable describers. They are less deep than keen; they possess a great susceptibility to matters of fact, but not the insight which can illumine the dark recesses of consciousness. This is so evident, that it is admitted by their best thinkers to be their national trait. They are warm-hearted, firm in friendship, brave, and of indomitable resolution; but their genius is decidedly more for action than reflection. In these respects our New Englanders resemble them more than

any other race out of the eleven into which Mr. Pickering has classified our globe's population. Go where we please, we shall find Jonathan and Sandy "turning the honest penny," pushing, scheming, contriving, building, bustling, thriving—seldom will either be found in repose. Here the looms of Lowell supply us with calicoes and sheetings; abroad it is the machinists of Glasgow who turn out the engines for the Atlantic steamers.

Edinburgh (modern Athens) must be a peculiarly "set" city in matters of opinion. Whatever is agreed upon there as *right*, is probably more absolutely right than it would be anywhere else upon the orb. With all its elegance and refinement, it has, at least we conceive so, a certain positiveness, an angularity of character as distinctly marked as the same qualities would be in any individual of its population. Still, it cannot be denied that it produces many shrewd, practical writers, and exercises a healthful influence upon our literature. There is probably no city in the world where learning is more respected.

This is shown in an antithetical style, less genial and fluent than that of the best English authors, where cultivation is more obvious than genius, as in the examples of Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and the other Edinburgh Reviewers, with their successors, even down to the present time.

But, as remarked above, we are not of those who look north of the Tweed for philosophy, and least of all do we search for sound metaphysics in the Scotch or any other school of *Phrenology*. This biography is wholly written, as might be supposed, in the light of that doctrine of which the brothers Combe have been chief apostles. As a phrenological biography, it is undoubtedly one of the most complete of its kind, and will doubtless be so regarded; but we shall neither question nor attempt to exhibit its merit in this respect, beyond a few examples, to show to what an extreme minuteness the nomenclature of the school is carried. The time to discuss the so-called science, we conceive to have gone by; that there is a general truth in it we all admit; but those who can feel faith in the accuracy of examinations, &c., made under all the confusion arising from temperament, and the reciprocal influences of the organs upon each other, must (to our thinking) have the organ of *Credulity plus*, and that of *Self-observativeness minus*.

To show how the terms of phrenology are used in this work, we give the biographer's description of his countrymen, in the introduction:—

"The lowland Scotch, descended from a Celtic stock imbued with Teutonic blood, have long been celebrated for a '*perferendum ingenium*,' or, in phrenological language, for vigorous propensities of *Combative*ness and *Destructive*ness, which render them bold and energetic in contending with obstacles, but which also, when not thoroughly disciplined, give them a tendency to harshness and irascibility. To these qualities are added strong domestic affections. They possess large organs of *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, *Adhesiveness*, and *Concentrativeness*, whence springs an ardent love of home, of kindred, and of offspring. They are endowed also with an ample development of the organs of *Acquisitiveness*, *Cautiousness*, *Secretiveness*, *Self-esteem*, *Love of Approbation*, and *Firmness*, which confer on them those quiet, prudent, persevering, self-respecting, and self-advancing qualities for which they are celebrated wherever they are known. They possess, moreover, a large development of the moral and religious organs, accompanied by a natural seriousness of character, a deep interest in religion,

and a strong sense of moral responsibility. Their intellectual organs fit them for all ordinary spheres of enterprise and action."

No one can dispute the general accuracy of this description; but there is one trait which Smollett, himself a Scotchman, knew well how to ridicule, and of which our biographer gives frequently amusing examples. This is a certain *matter-of-fact-iveness*, which leads them to talk, discuss matters as locusts devour a country, leaving not a blade behind. For example: after relating how his brother, when a boy, after having accidentally fallen into a stream, was afraid to go home, he proceeds to remark, with no less gravity than truth:—

"It is proper to remark that Andrew's apprehensions of his mother's displeasure, described in this letter, arose from the custom of the age, of treating injurious accidents, arising from simple carelessness, with undue severity, as if they had been grave delinquencies—a practice which has not yet been altogether abandoned."

Apart from its phrenology, however, which we leave to those of greater faith than ours, the work contains much that is instructive; and the correspondence is well stored with agreeable anecdote.

The following picture of Scottish Calvinism, as developed in the Combe family, is by no means without its counterparts on this side the water:—

"So little was enjoyment recognised as an allowable aim in life, that when, in the buoyancy of youth, a natural feeling of gratitude, springing from the spontaneous activity of the moral faculties, occasionally led them to give utterance to expressions of satisfaction with the world, their mother would say: 'Hush—do not talk so—you do not know how long it may last!' There seemed to be in her mind so strong a conviction that this was a world of woe, that she regarded a feeling of enjoyment as sinful, and as indicative of something wrong in the religious condition of the individual. At the same time, she was naturally cheerful, contented and amiable; and it was only when the cheerfulness of her family vented itself in religious gratitude, that she became alarmed. Her husband participated in her religious opinions so far as his natural qualities allowed him to do so; but in his latter days he did not scruple to express his dissent from several points in the Calvinistic creed, 'just because he *could not* believe them.' He doubted, for example, the perdition of the heathen to whom the Gospel had never been preached, and of unbaptized infants; he had also great difficulties with the doctrine of election, and the predestination of some individuals to eternal punishment; and he was far from being convinced of the endless duration of hell-fire. When charged with inconsistency for doubting on these points, he used to say, 'It may be very wrong, but I cannot help it.' This showed that the internal moral and religious struggles which had distressed his son were not unknown to himself; but he also had so humble an idea of his own powers of judgment that he never ventured to modify, by his own convictions, the faith taught in the church, lest he should be wrong, and lead his children into error. It was only after they had attained to maturity, and had mustered courage to break through the trammels of authority, and think for themselves, that he candidly acknowledged to the elder branches of the family his own mind."

"Are there not thousands of parents in Great Britain and Ireland at this moment timidly concealing their own convictions of truth from their children, out of seeming deference to authorities which they no longer respect? And are there not thousands of children suffering agonies of mental distress, which a few candid sentences, spoken by their parents, would remove. Parents shrink from the responsibility of leading their children into possible error, by countenancing in them any dis-

regard of established authorities; but do they incur no responsibility in deliberately teaching them, as true, views which they themselves no longer believe?"

In 1818, Dr. Combe was a student of medicine in Paris. One of his letters gives the following account of the famous surgeon, Dupuytren:—

"I have seldom seen so much attention paid to really sick persons as by Dupuytren. The kind, insinuating manner in which he speaks to many of them, makes them almost forget their pains; and during an operation or dressing, he talks to them, asking them questions of all kinds, to divert their attention from their sufferings, and often with great success. To an obstreperous patient, of whichever sex, he is rude. For a case requiring instantaneous decision, I have never seen a surgeon equal to him (you know, however, that I have not yet seen a great many of any kind). He acts without hesitation, and after he has finished, he states, with great clearness and precision, the reasons for and against particular modes of proceeding; and his reasons are generally very satisfactory, even when one would suppose that he had had no time for consideration. I am sometimes inclined to think that he could make any person submit to allow *his head* to be cut off. The other day he made a little boy jump upon a table, to be operated upon for the stone, quite pleased and joking. He asked him if he ever rode at home? 'Yes,' said the boy, 'often; my father sends me out to ride.' 'Ah!' said Dupuytren, 'your father gives you a fine horse to ride upon?' 'Ah, non, monsieur; c'est un âne, ce n'est pas un cheval.' 'You ride upon a nice ass, then, instead of a horse, do you?' 'Ah, oui,' said the little fellow, quite pleased. The operation was completed in two minutes. The boy cried a little; and when he saw the stone, 'Est-ce gros comme ça?' he exclaimed with astonishment. He is recovering well."

The following extract from one of his letters, with the comment on it, is curious:—

"There is a difference between the conformation of the forehead of a French *man* and that of a French *woman*; the former slopes backwards from the nose rapidly, indicating deficiency in the reflective organs, while the woman's forehead is much more perpendicular."

"This remark is correct; and the fact, that in Paris, women exercise a greater influence in proportion to that wielded by men than women do in corresponding situations in England, harmonizes with it. This difference in the development of the reflective organs in the male and female heads does not generally prevail in the latter country."

Also this account of his faculties:—

"Did you observe how much of the organ of *Tune* I had before leaving home? I was always fond of some kinds of music; principally of what the French call *enjouée* (an expression which I cannot translate into English), and also of sweet, melodious, melancholy music. I may add that the organ appears to have grown a little. Collie says it is doubled in size since I came here, but I think that it is only larger. I cannot, however, judge correctly of my own head."

"But my *Self-esteem*, *Love of Approbation*, and *Cautiousness*, are my troublesome organs, which I should like to have diminished a little; particularly the *Love of Approbation* and *Cautiousness*, which are, I think, after laziness, my greatest enemies. A man requires a little of *Self-esteem*, not only to keep his own place in the world, but to save him from doing mean actions. My *Destructiveness*, too, is sometimes troublesome. I have a great desire to know my own head; but I cannot examine it well without taking it off, which I am very little inclined to do at present."

In 1820, he visited Leghorn for his health. The following is from a letter describing the voyage:—

"On Saturday evening the dead-lights were put

in, and an awful night followed, with as dreary and stormy a day as ever man saw. We had no observation, could not tell where we were, and lay till it moderated on Monday, under a close-reefed maintop, to prevent the ship from rolling and carrying away her masts. Every other sail and spar was lowered. Then I had some very philosophical reflections on the *ad* and *disadvantages* of drowning, which was rather to be feared. Some tremendous seas broke over the poop with such violence that I thought she had struck, and up I ran undressed, to perish on deck, rather than die in the cabin. The captain soon undeceived me. The second mate, when at the helm, was knocked down by the tiller (the tiller-rope having snapped), and received a severe contusion on 'Tune.' Next day I had to attend him in his bed, sick myself every five minutes. For a week he lay threatened with inflammation of the brain; however, it was prevented.

"When off Corsica, on Friday last, we took the deep sea line to sound. It was all out (120 fathoms), when a cry was heard from the brig, 'A turtle in sight; give chase!' We had long looked for some sleeping on the water, but found none. At this call, of course, the deep-sea line was hauled in, and off we set in chase. 'Gently, gently,' cries the captain, 'don't waken him.'—'Bear down, bear down, without noise.' The captain posted himself in the bow, ready to seize, and spoke of the turtle soup. We approached fast, and at last came bump upon the *trough of a grindstone*!!! 'Famous soup, captain,' said I. 'Yes, *mock turtle*.'

The following is his summary of the qualities of a brother phrenologist, well known at the West:—

"I met Professor Caldwell, of the United States, at Spurzheim's, and have given him an introduction to you. He has a very powerful and a very active brain. He does not go to Edinburgh, but he is extremely anxious to have casts of the skulls, &c., in O'Neil's possession. He sees already the value of phrenology, and he is just the man for spreading it. Individuality, Comparison, and Causality, also Self-esteem, Love of Approbation, and Firmness, are *very large*. He returns to America in six weeks."

Several years after Dr. Combe visited Italy, in the hope of obtaining relief from a pulmonary affection, which afflicted him during the remainder of his life, and was ultimately the cause of his death. His letters at this period are mostly descriptive, and are very interesting. The following gives his impressions of

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

"People speak of Naples, its bay, and Vesuvius, their splendid magnificence and beauty; but, nevertheless, Edinburgh, its frith and Arthur's Seat, lose little by the comparison. If you would blow away our clouds, haul down the sun a little nearer the High Street; fix the wind in the west three hundred days in the year, giving it its swing the remaining sixty-five, and light a tar-barrel occasionally on the top of Arthur's Seat or two at a time, Naples would be sent to the right-about, to hide its diminished head in one of its own caves. The bay is certainly very beautiful; but from the little I have yet seen, it seems inferior to the Forth and its bays, as seen from the Calton Hill. As to local situation as a town, Edinburgh has the advantage. Naples has one or two magnificent streets, several palaces, &c.; but the rest is crowded, dirty, and disgusting, and few places have any view at all. The opposite side of the bay is very picturesque, and Vesuvius is a striking object; but it has not been performing for some time, and rarely sends forth even a puff of smoke to gratify its admirers, which I hold not to be fair, when one comes so far to see it. I suppose it has the true Neapolitan or lazaroni temperament. When stimulated by necessity, it sets to work in earnest; but the necessity past, it relapses quietly and contentedly into the

dolce far niente, till roused again by another impulse. I have not yet had an opportunity of examining its head, to know how far its development may account for its conduct. If one occurs I shall tell you the result.

From a letter, in 1834, we extract the following:—

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF A YOUNG LADY.

"Miss — was somewhat of a brunette, of an active temperament, had large observing organs, particularly an enormous Individuality, some Ideality, much Love of Approbation, and other good qualities. This development made her desire to know everything and everybody, and every place; but as her reflecting organs were only moderate in size, her knowledge, without the guidance of principle, was often inaccurate, and she shed doubt and obscurity around her, instead of certainty and light. She said that she knew this great person and that great person, this lovely scene, and that dear delightful landscape, &c. She showed me Lord A——'s splendid property on the Kent side of the Thames! where he had none; said his lordship lived much in Edinburgh, which I doubted; then was sure that he did in winter, which I still doubted; then was positive that his two daughters, Lady Mary and Lady —, spent the winters there, and were there now, for she had met the latter, not long since. I once more astonished her by philosophic doubt, and said that both ladies — and — were in London; but as for Lady Mary, I surrendered her to be located at her discretion, for I knew that no such lady existed. I noticed the tendency of her Individuality to name everything (*vide* my theory in the *Journal*); and it is astonishing how much it helps one to do so. I know many things well, to which I can give no name—many diseased states, for instance."

In 1842, when his health was quite broken down, and he had no expectation of recovering, we find him writing as follows:—

"The longer I remain in this world, and the nearer the probable time of my leaving it, it seems only the more beautiful, and my affection for those I love becomes only the stronger. At least, I value solid and lasting friends still more than I did in early youth, when the novelty of the world and of mankind divided one's attention with them. I sometimes think it strange, and at the same time a most kind provision of nature, that even with the prospect of a removal at no great distance, everything retains its interest just as much as if I were to live for fifty years. So true is it, that it is the pursuit even more than attainment of the end which confers happiness. I read about everything, and in my mind plan all sorts of improvements, with as much zest as ever. Even the lively gossip of 'little Fanny Burney,' which I am now reading, amuses me as much as if I had made one of Fanny's circle, although there is somewhat too much flummery and ado about nothing, to be quite suitable to my taste. Do not think, however, that I am becoming sentimental or lachrymose; so much the reverse, that my niece declares that since I came out here I have been liker 'a big boy' just escaped from school than anything else. It is quite true. Who could look upon the rich and sly face of creation, brightened by sunshine and suaded by a passing cloud, and not rejoice in an emancipation from eight months' confinement within stone walls, with only an occasional peep at dark clouds and a smoky atmosphere?"

The next year he visited Madeira, and his letters afford picturesque descriptions of its scenery, &c.:—

"As I sit writing in my turret, I can cast my eyes about, and have a different view from each of the four pairs of windows, every one possessing attractions of its own. To the west, the sun is now setting behind a ridge of hills, with a dark screen of dense and stormy-looking clouds fringing its broken outline. To the east, the bold promontory of the Brazen Head is half obscured by a sweeping blast, which has just put a rainbow to flight. In

front, stretches out before me the pathless and now troubled sea, with its dozen vessels lying at anchor (for there is no harbor), dimly seen for a moment, and then again appearing all in brightness, and the little specks of boats hastening to the shore. To the north, the steep ascent to the mountain tops presents itself, covered with neat white *quintas* or country-houses, rising in successive terraces, amidst their vineyards, and the upper regions enveloped in clouds and drenching rains. Near the top of the nearest mountain, the Mount Church shines forth conspicuously from among the trees at the height of nineteen hundred feet. Such are the scenes amidst which I write, at nearly half-past five P.M., on the 5th of January (1843), while you are sitting at your snug fireside, with your brilliant gas to illumine your darkness."

Some of his remarks on the books he was reading, are often striking as well as just:—

"Our friend — was invited to a two o'clock dinner lately, and he told me that the party 'Wilberforced it' the whole afternoon. If you have read *Wilberforce's Life* by his sons, you will require no elucidation of the phrase. If you have not, get it, and read the first thirty pages that turn up, and *ex triginta disce omnes*. I never read a book so carelessly composed by men assuming the title of editors. Every accessible letter seems to have been printed, no matter how manifold its repetitions, how obscure its hints, or how abrupt its termination. Nothing is retrenched, nothing explained, and nothing completed. With some exercise of judgment, and a good deal of trouble, one very interesting volume might have been made out of the five. Cowper's letters are jewels compared to Wilberforce's, and to my mind do far more to excite a deep sense of religion than all the labored efforts of Wilberforce. The one gives expression simply and naturally to the thoughts and feelings which spring up spontaneously as he writes. The other forces in the one topic in all his letters, and 'lashes himself up' to a due fervor of expression, whether the mind wills or not. On one occasion, Wilberforce despatched a very hurried letter on a Saturday night, without any religious expressions in it. In the night time his conscience troubled him so much for the omission that he could not rest till he sat down next morning and wrote a second with the piety, and apologizing for his involuntary departure from his rule! Only think what a perversion of a good principle this was! There is, however, much in the *Life* that is really interesting."

"I have lately read Taylor's *Life of Howard*, and, I am sorry to say, with some diminution of my veneration for the purity of his benevolence. It was not the simple inspiration of benevolence which impelled him, as I had erroneously supposed, but a compound of various feelings, some of them not so high in character. In one sense, his merit was only the greater on that account, but still one feels differently towards him. Benevolence was, however, obviously strong in him, although by no means so predominant as in men like Eustache, Melancthon, Vincent de Paul, and others. I recollect being disappointed in the very same way with Mrs. Fry. I did not find pure and unassuming benevolence so predominant in her as I expected. I suspect there are many other cases of a similar kind, of which Owen is also one, where the act, but not the impulse, is benevolent, or benevolent only in the second degree, and springing from a sense of duty in one, or vanity or self-esteem in another. The *patronizing* benefactor has self-esteem at least as powerful as benevolence, if not more so. The predominant benevolence avoids the ostentation of patronizing."

Perhaps his most remarkable trait was the cheerfulness with which he combated for life with a disease which he knew was soon to conquer. The following, from one of his letters, describes his second arrival at Madeira:—

"My paper is nearly filled up, although I have much more to say. If I had had room I should have

told you how, on our arrival, *Senhór Nuno*, the health-officer, saluted me from afar; how the captain (who had never been at *Madeira* before) *gravely consulted me* whether to bring the ship to anchor or stand off and on under easy sail; how I, with equal gravity, advised him to keep a clear conscience and let down his anchor; how he then begged I would point out the best anchorage-ground; how *Senhór Nuno* and I were of one mind thereon, and directed him to drop under the stern of a smart slave-chaser; how I looked as grave thereupon as if I had been first pilot of the port of *Funchal*, which has no port at all, which was the reason of the captain asking me where he should anchor in the bay; how the captain, commenting on my character in my absence, assured the rest of the passengers that I was 'a very decent man'; how he confirmed this handsome testimony by a barrel of nice sea-biscuit which he heard me praise; how I have thereby been enabled to regale my friends at no expense to myself; how, since our arrival, two doctors fell ill, and how the patients, to take the advantage of them, fell ill too; how the Portuguese lament that there are so very few invalids this season; how houses, cooks, and provisions are thus at a discount, and civility much on the increase; how we are treated with profound respect by some who thought nothing of us before; how the letters in the *Scotsman* have made the people wonder what I shall say next; how we have a real live duchess on the island, who is said to be like no duchess at all; how she is lauded for affability, and for calling on those whose acquaintance she is anxious to make; how I have not yet seen her, but have a profound respect for her greatness in the distance; how I do not wish to inspect it more nearly; and many other wonderful things, for which I have now no room, and must therefore omit."

"George Combe having been consulted by a friend on the plan of a work which he intended to write, applied to Dr. Combe for his opinion, and received in answer the following characteristic note, dated 27th January, 1846:—

"When Bonaparte was expounding with great energy to General Dessoles the plan of operations he wished Moreau to adopt in crossing the Rhine, Dessoles told him that his plan was ten times better than Moreau's, but that it was not adapted to Moreau's genius, and therefore he would do wisely to let Moreau follow his own, as he would effect the end better by means of it than by trying one uncongenial to his own understanding. The criticism was approved of, and I feel its applicability to —'s plan. He will execute his own better than yours or mine, even if ours be better in the abstract; and therefore I say, 'laissez le faire,' although my views differ from his."

In 1847 he came to the United States, principally for the benefit of the sea voyage, which, however, proved too rough for him. He died in that year. The following embodies his impressions of the country:—

"My brother George will have told you that I caught cold on returning from Philadelphia to Jersey City. Its severity was aggravated by a variety of unavoidable causes unnecessary to mention. In a few days I was pulled down so much that I resolved to try a change to the more bracing air of West Point; and it was in that excursion that I perceived clearly the probability of increased damage from any further attempts at travelling. And yet, for persons in health, their steamers and railway-cars are so commodious and well-managed, that I should very probably be laughed at by ninety-nine in a hundred of their occupants for supposing them unsuitable for pulmonary invalids. The river boats are indeed marvellous. In size, speed, elegance, comfort, and the perfection of order and cleanliness, they are unparalleled. In furniture and decoration they are even splendid. Nowhere is convenience sacrificed to splendor; and the beauty of the thing is, that all the sailing being in smooth water, one can enjoy the splendor along with the convenience, which is not the case in our sea-going steamers. Either Jonathan has partially

reformed already, or he feels ashamed to soil these elegant boats. Certain at least it is, that both on the Hudson and the Delaware, the spitting was not nearly so bad as I expected. Indeed there was very little, except near the smoking and bar-rooms. In the ferry and smaller steamers, where the lower—I beg Jonathan's pardon, the poorer—classes abound more, there was much more of it, and once or twice it was disgusting enough. Here on board we have two Kentucky men who indulge in it without respect to time, place, or circumstance. But among people of ordinary good breeding it did not seem common. Speaking generally, I have seen even more to interest, and less to offend, than I was prepared for. There is no country or people known to me presenting so many points of interesting observation to a reflecting mind as the United States; and I should willingly give all I have for a twelvemonth of sound lungs and health to spend among them, and be content to make my exit at the end of that time.

"The newness of the country and people, and the intense individuality of character displayed by the latter, struck me most forcibly from the first, and remain prominently in my mind still. This characteristic of the people has a good and also a bad side. It is at the bottom of their energy and enterprise as well as of their independence. But it renders self so paramount in influence and prominent in action as to make them hard, cold, and dry in their manners, and somewhat determined and regardless of others in fulfilling their own views. But while they seem to know no difference between a polite and agreeable manner and downright obsequiousness, and therefore abhor the one in common with the other, the radical civility is there in greater force than one would be led to anticipate. This proceeds obviously from ill-directed independence or dignity; for there is no reason on earth why the *suaviter* should be banished from the *modo*, and the *fortiter* alone usurp both the thing and the manner. Several times I met with a surly sort of silence when I asked a civil and pertinent question of railway *employés*; but I could scarcely call them gentlemen; and it seemed, in one or two instances, as if they felt half ashamed to give me a polite and direct answer, under the idea that it would be held derogatory to their dignity to be questioned by a 'stranger' about the arrangements for his luggage, particularly as these were in themselves excellent, had I only known them as well as they did."

Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America in 1849. By Robert Baird, A.M. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

We have here a new instalment, not of British prejudice and grumbling, common to trans-atlantic tourists who pass a few months in the country, but a fair, judicious matter-of-fact book by a Scottish gentleman who makes the pilgrimage of a considerable portion of the western world in pursuit of health, and in a frame of mind, we may add, well adapted to its recovery. There is no illness or dyspepsia in Mr. Baird's speculations. He has a good legal digestion of every fact or sentiment which comes before him.

His tour lay by the route of the West India steamers, visiting island after island, from *Madeira* to *Jamaica*, and making the main land at *Mobile*, to leave it in a few months by a *Cunarder* from *Boston*. We shall touch upon a few points of this progress, taking the author up at the most eastern of the Antilles, jotting the memorabilia of the route.

Barbadoes, the renowned of *Marryatt*, is an island twenty-five miles in length, by about fifteen or sixteen broad. It is more densely populated than any other portion of the globe, its hundred and seven thousand acres containing not less than 140,000 persons.

St. Lucia, half a day's sail by steamer from *Barbadoes*, is "volcanic and mountainous, and, as seen from the sea, the aspect of its craggy

summits is exceedingly picturesque." The author here, having little else to record, takes occasion to celebrate the beauties of "tropical moonlight."

Martinique, which bristles with splintered volcanic mountains, justifies its French ownership in the attractiveness of its capital, *St. Pierre*.

At *Dominica* the steamer passengers are offered by the boatmen, among other monstrosities, gigantic frogs stuffed and varnished, and there are higher objects of interest in the natural scenery of the island.

At *Gaudaloupe* you may visit *La Souffrier* or *Sulphur Hill*, a volcanic production, which reaches a height of five thousand five hundred feet.

Antigua, the capital of the *Leeward Isles*, is a favorable specimen of a British colony in the West Indies. The *Emancipation Act* in 1834, went into immediate operation, without any apprenticeship. The free system had the best chance, from the good order and religious government in which the *Moravians* bear an important part; but the island suffers in its resources from an insufficiency of laborers, and from the competition of slave-grown products. Mr. Baird adds that there is no lack of enterprise in introducing labor-saving machinery on the part of its resident proprietors. Notwithstanding the labors of missionaries, caste remains in full force. The body of the cathedral of *St. John's* is occupied by whites, while the side aisles and gallery are again divided between the people of color and the negroes. The constitutional indolence of the latter is illustrated by a jail incident. The prisoners sometimes dispute the order for their liberation—an afflicting fact, should it reach the ears of *Thomas Carlyle*.

St. Kitts has some most luxurious tropical scenery and sea views, comprehending the adjacent islands. It is a choice spot for an invalid, who, hard by, on its brother island *Nevis*, may enjoy the luxury of a hot mineral bath, with many recuperative virtues.

The Danish island of *St. Thomas* is virtually a free port, and its warehouses are filled and its merchants thrive. You dine with them, and admire the beauty of the view from their windows. Such is the transparency of air and water that Mr. Baird, as he tells us, "standing at an elevation of certainly not less than five or six hundred feet above the level of the sea, could discern large fish, as they swam about far down in the depths of the lagoon."

Santa Cruz, the resort of American invalids, is forty miles to the southeast. It has a wealthy and enjoyable planter's society, good roads (a rare West Indian amenity), and its salubrity is renowned. The slaves had been recently liberated, when Mr. Baird visited it in 1849, and there were, as usual, two sets of opinions as to the consequences. At the table of the Governor-general the change was thought inauspicious, both for the blacks and the resources of the island; others, who relied more on hopes than facts, thought differently.

Porto Rico, in the possession of Spain, is a level, fertile, export-producing island, and has the peculiarity of a slave population out of the usual proportions. Of its 360,000 inhabitants, 42,000 are slaves; the remaining white and colored numbers being accounted for by the island having long been a penal settlement, with a steady immigration from home.

The steamer next touches at *Hayti*, the seat of the empire of the illustrious *Faustin I.* Mr. Baird did not stop there, but the very sight

of it provokes the regret that an "island so fertile, so romantic, and so capable of supporting a large population in comfort and luxury, should be under such governance, and have so many appearances of a retrograde course in civilization."

The first thoughts of an Englishman landing at Jamaica are, of course, given to its rare tropical beauties, its range of Blue Mountains and the delights of tree and valley through which you ascend to their cool heights. His second reflections are due to its present decline. Mr. Baird treats of this general difficulty in a separate chapter, and echoes the complaints of the West Indies as to the Government policy in abandoning, that is the phrase, the labor interests of the islands. A great change was to be made in the culture of the land, slavery was to be abolished, England effected this, and paid the planters for their immediate loss. The government was bound, it is argued by the West Indian, to continue a protective policy. The sum paid was far from a full valuation of the property taken away. It was an assistance to a great social experiment. In admitting under decreasing duties the slave-grown products of other countries, Great Britain, it is said, is virtually faithless to her contract. Cuba is thereby established, and the British West Indies depressed. A return to the protective policy is the demand of the planter, seconded by the statements and arguments of this volume.

Of Havana, Mr. Baird's remaining West India topic, we have so recently presented our own and this writer's views with respect to a question, that of annexation involving all others, that we shall rapidly pass on to the portion of his travels relating to the United States. Here we find a general tone of painstaking and candor. The notices of places visited are slight, but care has evidently been taken in the formation of opinions. A moderate view is given of the subject of slavery, and on others there is a spirit of fair play, and calm consideration, which Anglican tourists may profit by. The remainder of our notice must be given to a subject of interest to our readers:—

A large portion of the concluding chapter on America is occupied with a consideration of the International Copyright Question, which is handled with a temperance and discretion which should secure from that large portion of the community who look more to the manner than the matter of an argument, and who are disagreeably affected even by a good cause, coupled with hard names applied to themselves, at least a favorable hearing. There is nothing, we believe, in Mr. Baird's statement absolutely new to American readers, but the matter has certainly never been more clearly presented. The position of right on the part of the English author is waived by Mr. B. at the outset, and the privilege which the writers of *Punch* so much delight in of calling the American book publishers and readers pirates, &c., of course abandoned. The question is put simply on the ground of expediency. This relieves it of many easily raised objections; though we think the sense of right, of the natural right of the author to the enjoyment of his productions, is the most convincing and safest argument at last. But, as between the two countries it is as well, with the present sense of literary property as it is regarded by the natives of both, to consider simply the expediency. The right of the author to any participation in the fruit of his labors, is both in this country and in England, such is the theory, the creation of the statute.

It is limited at home. Therefore England must admit our legislation on this subject as an affair purely within our own discretion. If any copyright whatever is a question of expediency, much more must international copyright be. This, we know, is a low view of the case, but it is a view forced upon us by the interpretation of the Statute of Anne. There have not been wanting defenders of the right of the author at common law, but they have been in a minority on the English bench. It would be to the honor of American jurisprudence to recognise this common law right of authors, and to protect the privileges under it of foreign writers. But this we are hardly to expect.

Leaving common law and common right, what is the expediency of granting copyright protection to the natives of other countries? Mr. Baird thinks we have a strong inducement to do this in the fact that, by the present law of England the moment we did so, we would fall into a reciprocal advantage abroad, and while English authors gained a new set of readers and purchasers of twenty millions we should get access to at least forty millions of British subjects. There is a consideration for reciprocity statesmen who like to have the reciprocity, if possible, at least more than half on one side. Indeed if we carry our usual calculation of national advancement out, we should, in no long time, be supplying authors and books at a greatly increased ratio to the present, and our book makers, numerically, would equal those of England. Already the interests of American writers in England are of importance to that underpaid body of producers, and an International law would now put large sums into their hands. The expediency of a *responsible* system of book-making is obvious, and opens a wide range of moral speculation; as does also the fraternal spirit which would result from the united literatures of the two nations. Into this Mr. Baird does not enter, confining his expediency argument to the commercial dollar and cent view. He shows, as has been shown before, that while our authors would be gainers every way, the people would not suffer—the supply of a book in price always being proportioned (from the interests of the publisher) to the demand; and, that as books are getting cheaper every year in England with the increase of readers, they would necessarily be cheaper still with the annexation to the trade of the millions of the United States. He shows that the books of Mr. James, the novelist, which were some time since published at a guinea and a half are now reprinted in England for a shilling. Nothing certainly can be cheaper than Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*, a copyright publication sold for two pence. Mr. Bohn's libraries equal the cheapest of similar American series. We think American readers need have nothing to fear as to the increase of price.

These and other considerations are judiciously urged by Mr. Baird. We have noticed his remarks with some minuteness, trusting to call attention to his clear and full statement of this subject in a way that they shall not be forgotten when the arguments on this misunderstood topic are again revived before our legislators.

Washington, and the Principles of the Revolution. An Oration by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston; J. H. Eastburn.

THIS Oration, from the newspaper reports of which we have already drawn some striking and well-reasoned reflections on the character

of Washington, now appears in the usual pamphlet form. It is, we presume, now that it has been delivered and printed, a satisfactory proof to municipal authorities generally, of the propriety of occasionally stepping aside from hack politicians, whose brains have been washed away in a sea of words, and inviting the freshness, select thought, and refined intellectual training of the man of letters to the public rostra. Mr. Whipple shows that there is something left to be said which may mark the time spent in saying it even on the Fourth of July. It is only a barren or a haughty mind which is incapable of making such an opportunity available. But between the men who have nothing to say and those who are too fastidious to speak at all, the occasion gets off badly. Every true scholar has, however, some specialty which he may bring to his work when called upon. Mr. Whipple is a student of history, which he approaches from the biographical side, and is fond of sketching character. You find him at home in this Oration with the parliamentary men of the era of the Revolution, of whose succession in office a neat and rapid account is presented, and in the search for the elements which compose the man, George Washington. His views of the latter have been before our readers. We glean a few paragraphs from the former portion.

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

"This man was so brilliant and fascinating as an orator, that Walpole said of one of his speeches, that it was like hearing Garrick act extempore scenes from Congreve; but he was without any guiding moral or political principles; and, boundlessly admired by the House of Commons, and boundlessly craving its admiration, he seemed to act ever from the impulses of vanity, and speak ever from the inspiration of champagne. Grenville, smarting under his recent defeat, but still doggedly bent on having a revenue raised in America, missed no opportunity of goading this versatile political rooster with his sullen and bitter sarcasms. 'You are cowards,' said he, on one occasion, turning to the Treasury bench; 'you are afraid of the Americans; you dare not tax America.' Townsend, stung by this taunt, started passionately up from his seat, exclaiming, 'Fear! cowards! dare not tax America! I do dare tax America!' and this boyish bravado ushered in the celebrated Bill, which was to cost England thirteen colonies, add a hundred millions of pounds to her debt, and affix an ineffaceable stain on her public character. Townsend, by the grace of a putrid fever, was saved from witnessing the consequence of his vainglorious presumption; and the direction of his policy eventually fell into the hands of Lord North, a good-natured, second-rate, jobbing statesman, equally destitute of lofty virtues and splendid vices, under whose administration the American war was commenced and consummated."

CLIVE IN AMERICA.

"The war, as conducted by North's ministry, was badly managed, but he had one wise thought which happily failed to become a fact. The command in America, on the breaking out of serious disturbances, was offered to Lord Clive; but, fortunately for us, Clive, at about that time, concluded to commit suicide, and our rustic soldiery were thus saved from meeting in the field a general, who, in vigor of will and fertility of resource, was unequalled by any European commander who had appeared since the death of Marlborough."

LORD NORTH'S CONCILIATION.

"It may here be added that Lord North's plans of conciliation were the amiabilities of tyranny and benignities of extortion. They bring to mind the little French fable, wherein a farmer convokes the tenants of his barnyard, and with sweet solemnity says,—'Dear animals, I have assembled

you here to advise me what sauce I shall cook you with.' 'But,' exclaims an insurrectionary chicken, 'we don't want to be eat at all!'—to which the urbane chairman replies, 'My child, you wander from the point.'"

History of the Polk Administration. By Lucien B. Chase, a Member of the Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Congresses. Putnam.

THE Honorable Lucien B. Chase hands the Administration of Mr. Polk down to posterity in five hundred octavo pages. Twenty-five score of pages to every Presidential Term would give us already fifteen volumes of the pattern of this bulky history, which has at least this peculiarity, that its fidelity to truth can be more easily tested than that of any professedly historical work we ever encountered. A capital field this for the critic, a history whose oldest event dates in the year of grace 1844! We have only to turn over our files of dailies and extras for the last few years, and in the Telegraphic summaries, Congressional Reports, and Washington correspondence we have mapped out before us in continuous detail the whole sum and substance of this ponderous history.

The venerable maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," expands and fertilizes into *nil nisi optimum*, when applied to a deceased Ex-President. We never knew that the theory of our Government required in the Executive that intellectual head and shoulders superiority and pre-eminence which it seems our late Chief Magistrate, Mr. Polk, possessed. The country got along tolerably well before the Polk Administration, and is quite successful at the present moment. The permanent and solid advance of social order and national prosperity, respect, and strength, are indications enough, as we have been taught the lessons of national and political economy, of stability and progress. But according to the historian of the Polk Administration, it is not these that posterity will be called to admire, or that we ought to stop to panegyrize in the brilliant period which has just passed; but its startling incidents, its bold and comprehensive policy, its grand and successful designs, which stand unrivalled on the pages of American History.

Oregon and Texas, the glories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Monterey, and Chapultepec; the vastness of New Mexico and the inexhaustible riches of California. Such are some of the blessings which the Polk Administration, as from a cornucopia of miraculous abundance, showered down upon the American people. The four years of plenty; the quadrenniad of national glory and felicity, that "eventful epoch," is characterized by our congressional historian as *par excellence*, in the history of the race, worthiest to be dignified by "future generations" with the lofty epithet of the "age of progress and reform," while the "immortal renown" with which the American arms were covered during its brief space is to be preserved in undying history.

Mr. Polk and his personal performances occupy in these overwhelmingly glorious annals very much the same position as the small type and almost indiscernible italics of those monster placards with which the Bowery and Chatham Square are invaded at regular intervals; and in which the most portentous announcements and the most astounding intelligence are found on closer inspection to stand guard over microscopic advertisements of ready made clothing, patent sausages, or the universal vermifuge and elixir vite.

We have no kind of objection to give the

Polk Administration its full meed of praise, and due credit for the display, as an administration, of very many evidences of successful statesmanship and comprehensive policy. We do not quarrel with the admirers; far, far less with the friends of Mr. Polk. His worst enemy must have regretted the melancholy end of his life, cut short just at the period when if ever, a dignified repose might have crowned the successes of his career. Personally we intend him or his memory no disrespect. But we do protest, as we have a right to do and as the dignities of history demand, against putting him into the crucible of contemporaneous history, and turning him out by the hocus-pocus of rhetoric, as a hero and a paragon of the purest metal. Spare us for ten years at least. There is no such hurry, Mr. Chase. We are not in need of a new hero. Napoleon does very well yet a while; General Jackson is quite satisfactory so far as the State of Tennessee is concerned. Mr. Polk's apotheosis may be safely postponed.

We must remark on the shockingly bad taste of the author in closing his work with the gossiping letter of a Nashville correspondent, suited very well for the miscellaneous columns of a daily paper, but entirely out of place even as a reference, in a history, especially as its details are some of them of a nature which had better be excluded from the eulogium upon Mr. Polk. It would be well in a second edition to modify or expunge this unfortunate finale.

In equally bad taste and in worse temper is the Appendix.

This Appendix contains the correspondence between Secretary Marey and General Scott, a correspondence whose production the necessities of the work did not require, and the publication of which a due sense of comity and courtesy would have prevented. The services and successes of General Scott form too conspicuous a part of the Administration of Mr. Polk, to be in any way dimmed and discredited by the indiscretions of his semi-official correspondence.

The Great Harmonia; being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe. By A. J. Davis. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.

THE work before us was composed to meet the wants of a portion of our reading population who have arrived at the sophomore period of life, self-persuaded of their own high intellectual powers, and blinded by their self-sufficiency, who think by their native instincts to unravel at a glance mysteries that have troubled the giants of the day. Plausibility, or even without that, bold assertion finds with them ready believers. Andrew Jackson Davis, the reputed author of this strange collection of sense and nonsense, asserts that he is an uneducated man; that this was written by inspiration, without which he would be entirely unable to compose it, as "he is destitute of even the ordinary branches of book education."

This we credit; for some years since, at the invitation of a gentleman under his medical direction, who took us hither, we witnessed the examination of several credulous sick, and have ever since been fully convinced of the nature of his ability. With him were connected two individuals, and the parts which they played may be imagined. One was a man who had for several years practised the Thomsonian or Botanic practice, and who assisted at all the medical examinations. These were the most ridiculous possible. The magnetized Davis described the case with an inter-

larding of falsely placed and erroneously used medical terms, that would have delighted a Christy Minstrel audience. The prescription was a conglomeration of roots and herbs that to us showed its origin, and were entirely inappropriate to this case, or to any other. The third person forming the trio, was a scientific man, as I was informed, engaged to take down and arrange the sayings of Davis for his first work, published some time since.

The origin of this book being thus accounted for—the cause of its systematic abuse of the regularly educated physician noted, it remains to give some account of the 450 pages which, under the title of "*The Physician*," constitute the first volume of the *Great Harmonia*—to be followed by others—if it pays.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;" and our scientific man evinces himself to be wanting somewhat in the fundamentals. He is not content with riding one hobby, but like the circus riders, has a foot on several, shortening or lengthening the reins, to suit his convenience. Religion and medicine are not unfrequently apparently confounded, and the various theories of the Swedenborgians, transcendentalists, and other similar sects, are united most strangely. As is to be supposed, magnetism is the all in all. By it one may cure all diseases, from warts to the cholera, for to the latter disease he says, "I recommend as the most certain cure, self-magnetization; a determination of will not to die of the disorder." There is something in this if you do not place too much dependence upon it. A certain philosopher of this ilk, who did not balk at pushing a favorite theory, was in the habit of maintaining that death was a mere matter of will; it was a man's own fault if he died; he might live on if he was resolutely disposed to do so.

Still the work is not altogether silly. The premises are not unfrequently correct, if the deductions are ridiculous. But most of what may be called the original portion, is the merest balderdash. To have an appearance of a peculiar style, the meanings of words are forced, and language itself distorted to suit the writer's convenience. The whole is written in an inflated manner, with words of learned length and thundering sound, so useful to conceal a littleness of thought, and to captivate the unlearned.

It may be found a useful book some ages hence, serving to illustrate the time of mesmerism and knockings—the age of humbug.

The Initials: a Story of Modern Life. Phila.: A. Hart.

THE author of the Initials, in a very pleasant preface, informs his or her readers (we confess ourselves in doubt which) that the title of her novel is to be understood as a hint to the reader that this is her first or "initial" appearance in print, and that, like the initial of a MS. or book, if liked, much will be found beyond. She talks of old drawers full of MS., in a style which used to be in vogue in professedly fictitious introductions to fictitious works. We do not know whether these assertions are to be placed in that class, but the probabilities are strongly in favor of such supposition. The facilities now afforded for getting in print in England, either in the old aristocratic three volumes, post octavo, or compact cheap volume, or, forsaking independent existence, in the pages of a monthly or columns of a weekly, are so great, and certainly so liberally taken advantage of by authors, or would-be authors, that we must look with incredulity on a statement of the existence of MS. in any

great abundance, unrumpled by publisher's reader, and unsullied by compositor's fingers. We can readily conceive of a single MS. work lying on its author's hands; one must have a limited acquaintance, indeed, not to have met many in such plight, but that an author should go on accumulating MSS. for dust and old drawers, surpasses our comprehension.

If such MSS., however, there be, of the kith and kin of the Initials, their sojourn in the old drawer draws to a close. The readers of that work will, like *Oliver Twist*, call for more, and the public, we will venture to say, will not be kept waiting.

The title of the Initials has, however, been also suggested by the opening incident of the story. A young Englishman, Arthur Hamilton by name, of easy fortune and good family, is on his travels. We make his acquaintance at Munich, where he is horribly bored for employment or amusement. Ludwig von Bayern had not yet begun, or, at least, far advanced those magnificent Art-erections and collections which will send down his name, with all its errors and weaknesses, to posterity as the noblest patron of original art the century has yet produced. At any rate, our hero is ennuied. At this juncture a letter addressed to A. Hamilton is placed in his hands. It is an invitation, evidently to an old friend, to pass some days with the writer and family at Sion, a place of summer resort near Munich. It is signed A. Z. Who A. Z. is, is a mystery to our hero, who, however, surmising that these letters may represent some friend of his family, personally unknown to himself, decides to go.

We shall not follow him on his journey. It is sufficient to say that he finds two A. Z.'s, and is brought into intimate connexion with German society, particularly with the family of Madame Rosenberg, whose two daughters, admirably contrasted characters, are the heroines of the novel. There are but few characters, and the author has evidently laid out his strength on the delineation of female character in the two sisters.

The incidents also are few in number, and we would not recommend the class of novel readers who read only for "the story," to take up the "Initials," as, although the plot is far from being deficient in interest, that is made, as it should be, subordinate to the exhibition of character.

One of the charming features of the book is the intimate view it gives of domestic life in Germany, and the fine descriptions of German scenery which abound, particularly in the opening passages. These will be enjoyed by those who have themselves explored the regions embraced in Bavaria, the southern part of Austria, and the Tyrol.

With all these advantages, it must be conceded that the "Initials" is a capital novel.

The Rebels; or, Boston before the Revolution.
By the Author of "Hobomok." Boston:
Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE great defect of this, as of most historical novels, is that the historical events which are brought before the reader's attention are not connected with those of a domestic nature to which he is expected to give his attention. The historical personages, like the crowd we sometimes see in a stage pageant, are painted on the canvas of the back scene, instead of being the living and moving characters on the stage itself. To combine these elements, the historical with the domestic interest, by not solving the difficulty by merging the one in the other, and presenting an amplified histori-

cal incident in lieu of the imaginative creation of which the novel should consist, is no easy task. In proof of this, if it be needed, look over the shelves of any circulating library and see of the many who have sought to tread in the steps of Scott—the wizard whose magic called this important department of literature into existence, and count how few have succeeded—how many have failed.

It has been said that the period of our Revolution is too recent to be effectively treated poetically. We doubt whether this is so much the difficulty. Our colonial annals, the brilliant period of the discovery of our shores, are at any rate sufficiently remote in time to obviate this difficulty, but the same want is felt of successful poetic treatment of the remote as of the more recent time.

But we cannot have our great novelist any more than the national poet whose approach has been so long looked for, merely for the wishing, nor we fear will philosophizing much mend matters. The Rebels is open to the objections which we have stated. The plot is well contrived and interesting, but the characters mostly old acquaintances. We have met the facetious Dr. Eyles under other names, and making better jokes before; so, too, with the tart spinster, Miss Sandford, and Molly Bradstreet, who bears too close a resemblance to Meg Merrilies.

A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. By William Chauvenet, A.M., Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. Naval Academy. Phila.: Henry Perkins.

AN elegant and comprehensive work on the important branch of mathematical science on which it treats, and we think that we may congratulate ourselves, that American mathematical treatises are now inferior to those of no other country. The particular advantage of the present work is, that it affords an excellent course in plane and spherical trigonometry, to those who wish merely to obtain a knowledge sufficient to enable them to solve the problems that offer themselves in navigation or operations on land. Joined with this is a full analytical discussion of the properties of angles and their related lines, that will be interesting to those who have a taste for abstract reasoning. In this second course, which is distinguished from the practical one by the size of the type, we notice the ingenious applications of trigonometric expressions to the solution of numerical equations, and the resolution of certain algebraic formulæ into factors. A number of problems for exercise will be found in this course, and it concludes with the solution of the general spherical triangle, taken from the *Theoria Motus Corporum Cælestium* of Gauss, and largely applied in astronomical investigations by Bessel and other modern German mathematicians.

Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine Work, and Engineering. Oliver Byrne, Editor. New York: Appleton & Co.

Nos. 11, 12 & 13, contain under the head of "Details of Engines," a complete and valuable treatise on the steam engine, which may suggest to the numerous proprietors of engines, hints that may be of service to them, in avoiding expense or increasing the efficiency of their power. The subject is concluded in No. 13. Engraving on wood and etching are treated in this number. A description of the machinery for making envelopes will be interesting to the curious. The Dictionary maintains its reputation for the beauty and accuracy of its numerous illustrations of machinery.

Silliman's Journal, July, 1850.

WE will endeavor briefly to indicate the subjects of the July No. of this valuable repository of science. The first paper is a geological view of the Chippewa land district—the region of the upper Mississippi—containing the deposits of land, and occupying the States of Wisconsin and Iowa, derived from the reports of Dr. Owen and his assistants. Mr. Francis Alger contributes two papers on crystallography, one on quartz crystals containing rutilite found in Vermont on the line of the railroad—the other, the more attractive subject of the crystalline forms of some specimens of gold found in California. Mr. Alger thinks that when the quartz veins of the Sierra are worked fine specimens of those crystals will be discovered. "We may then," he says, "from the indications already afforded, look for crystals of gigantic dimensions, and possessing all their native unaltered beauty." The papers of Messrs. Walker & Gould, on Kirkwood's Analogy, will be interesting to the mathematician.

Dr. Wyman gives a description of fossil bones of mammalia, from the region of Memphis, of the genera Mastodon, Megalonyx, Castor, and Castoroides. The remains of the last named have a peculiar interest as belonging to the largest animal of the order of Rodents. The geology of the Keweenaw point (Lake Superior) is from the geologist Dr. Jackson. An admirable extract from Agassiz's work on Lake Superior, explains the erratic phenomena about that inland sea. We notice in the miscellaneous intelligence, that the same eminent naturalist has read a paper before the Society of Natural History in Boston, showing certain analogies in the circulating fluids of the animal kingdom. He divides these fluids into blood, chyle, and chyme—all these are found in the vertebrata. But the annelida circulate, according to Wagner, simple or colored chyle, and the same fluid forms the circulation of the articulata and mollusks. In the Medusæ and Polyps, chyme mixed with water is circulated. The connexion of respiration with the circulation is shown to be different in the different classes. Thus the gills of fishes cannot be compared with those of the articulata and mollusks.

An Introductory Address delivered to the Students of Washington College, May 14, 1850. By James King, M.D., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, Washington, Pa.

THIS Lecture, published by request, is sensible and scholastic, resembling the numerous productions of the same class that have formerly been brought to our notice. We quote a passage of more general interest than the greater part of this very creditable work. "While on a late visit to Philadelphia, I had the gratification to be invited to an evening's entertainment of an intellectual character, at the house of the learned Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Philadelphia College of Medicine. An enthusiastic investigator of Microscopical Anatomy, from Europe, was present, with two superior instruments, and a large collection of specimens of ultimate structure, admirably prepared for examination. What I wish to notice in relation to this exhibition, is the deep interest manifested in them on the part of those having no concern on the subject as medical professors. I refer to the ladies, with whose presence the company was honored. On witnessing them stretching their eyes deep down into the pulmonic cells, hepatic globules, and

follicles of Lieberkuhn, and tracing the delicate arrangements of fibres, capillaries, and vessels by which vessels are nourished, or as they were heard very properly to term them, of the 'vasa vasorum,' the thought occurred to me, that when a similar spirit for anatomical and physiological researches shall be infused into the minds of all the intelligent classes of the community, great and important will be the results,—men will become enlightened upon a subject, in which they are deeply interested: * * * Before their ability to scrutinize medical subjects, all the pretensions of the empiric will stand naked and exposed, and every system of quackery will flee away."

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, July. (Philadelphia: LEA & BLANCHARD.)—This number contains much that is of importance to the physician and surgeon. Its reviews are particularly discriminating.

The Family Dentist. By Chas. A. Du Bouchet, M.D. (Phila: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.)—This little volume contains nothing new to the profession, and probably was not intended for them. What is said thereon is reliable, as far as it goes, which, however, is not far, the object being more to write a book than to impart information. The cuts interspersed through it are so poor that they add but little to its value.

Various opinions are quoted in regard to the "cause of caries," but without sufficient clearness. In almost every case, caries arises from the chemical action of the saliva, vitiated by an unhealthy state of the stomach, upon the enamel of the tooth. Those who are troubled by indigestion almost always have carious teeth. Without doubt there is a difference in the original excellence of the teeth themselves, but the great difference is in the general health of the individuals. Hot drinks and food are supposed to operate injuriously upon the teeth, but to what degree is unknown. In the stables of this city, where the cows are fed on hot "distillery slop," they almost without exception, after a short exposure, lose their teeth; but whether this loss arises from the heat or from the unnatural food, changing the secretions of the mouth to those of a more acrid character, we cannot say. Whatever is found to be indigestible, will be found to be productive of caries.

We regret to notice the business card of the author affixed to the last page, it seems to cast a doubt upon the intention of the writer; but dentists may do that which causes a physician to be considered irregular.

THE MEADOW-LILIES.

"Consider the Lilies."

FOUND we lilies in the meadow
Where they made the hay,
Blowing in the July weather
On a sultry day.

Hung they there, like crowns of crimson
Studded well with gems,
Flashing through the silken grasses
From their glossy stems.

Glad were we to fill our aprons
With the bright boquets,
Sitting where yon maple's shadow
On its carpet plays.

Talked we of the Lilies' preaching—
Preached so many years,
Ere their great Interpreter
Opened human ears,—

Talked we gaily 'mid the clover,
Sisters, side by side;
Hearts unfolding, like those lilies
In the summery pride.

Now when we would gather lilies
In the July weather,
Slow our pace is, for no longer
Go we all together.

One's afar among green hills
Where the Lehigh flashes,
And another sweet young rose
Slumbers in Death's ashes.

Father, let Thy lilies bright
To our hearts come preaching?
Lift us up from dust and night
'Neath Thy spirit's teaching?

Show us that Thy ways are right
In all kinds of weather—
That in Thee we may unite
And seek flowers together?

EMILY HERRMANN.

[The following parody of Southey's *Lodore* is from the pen of our correspondent, "Jacques du Monde." It appeared in the "*Home Journal*" of last season.]

COCKNEYISM OF ENGLISH CASCADES.

MY DEAR ———:—Did your friend, the Marquis of Hollohed, ever take you out of a morning, before luncheon, through a mile and a half of 'damp forest (with unlimited *common of soakage*!) to show you his cascade?

Ten to one, if he has, your predominant feeling on reaching the spot where it ought to be, and where his lordship makes a grand pause, and points out what he means you shall take for it, has been a burst of disappointment that there wasn't water enough in which to drown him!

A few bucketfuls of water dripping over a heap of rocks, in comparison of which the paving-stones that went to make the substratum of the Bowling Green fountain were cyclopean—a cascade!

At that rate a barrellful would be a cataract, and the contents of a hogshead would be the deluge over again in spite of the rain-bow.

This to a man who has summered at Trenton; whose eyes and ears have fed on Niagara!

But the English have no conception of the element, water.

They have an idea of the ocean at Brighton; of the channel at Dover; and vaguely defined geographical notions of Hudson's Bay, Behring's Straits, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But, practically, their ideas on the subject are pre-eminently cockneyish. Do you know that it is a sober fact that most Englishmen have no conception that in length, depth, width, or capacities of navigation, the Mississippi or the Amazon are in any way equal to the Thames?

But on the point of cascades they are incorrigibly insular and insufferable. They revenge themselves on Nature for not having seen fit to tumble an English river over an English precipice, even to accommodate the Duke of Devonshire, by twisting innocent little rivulets out of their placid, predestined, and unpretending course, and torturing them over artificial declivities and through imitation Alpine gorges, approaching in effect about as near the original as a coffee-mill does to a locomotive.

Alas for my unhappy childhood! If ever youth was the victim of deception, that victimized youth was I. Many a day have I sat and read "how the water comes down at *Lodore*;"—read and re-read about the magnificent whirling and twirling, and dashing and splashing, and warring and roaring, until I wanted wings to fly to the spot where all this poetized grandeur and sublimity thundered in the ears of the Laureate.

No one had done for Niagara, so far as my

juvenile apprehensions were concerned, what Southey had done for *Lodore*.

It was my inevitable practical conclusion that *Lodore* was grander, more poetical, more inspiring than Niagara!

"If I ever travel, I will go to *Lodore*!"

And with this deliberate project I would shut up the volume, and go to bed, and the torrent went rushing headlong through my dreams.

Well, the travel came, and to *Lodore* I went.

By this time I had found out that the "phantoms of imagination," as the author of *Rasselas* calls them, are less substantial even than Cock-lane ghosts. But, drown me in a bathing-tub, if I ever expected such a complete snuffing out of all the lights of expectation and youthful anticipations as I experienced on that hitherto classic spot—*Lodore*.

How I whistled contempt at the insignificant rocks, ravine, and rivulet! How I made my way back to Keswick, and rejoiced that brown stout and roast mutton were at least a trifle more substantial than the romantic stuff of poets laureate! How, with deliberate and predetermined malice I wreaked my vengeance on the deceiver Southey in that last refuge of indignant poetasters—a parody!

LODORE.

Do you want to be told how it is that the water
Comes down at *Lodore*?

Why then I'm the man
Of all others that can

Or rather, the man of all others that *ought* to
Be able to tell you, without any more

Fuss:

Thus!

Behind a small tavern,
Suppose a dark cavern.
Or ravine more correctly,
From whose summit directly,
As from a stone pitcher,
Out of the which a
Volume of fluid
Enough for a Druid
To wade to his knees in,
Pours out unceasing

Gly down.

And not up;

Which would be a sup-

Position so very

To Nature contrary,

That it couldn't be thought a

Supposable case,

For a cascade of water,

On any man's place;

Much more

At *Lodore*,

Where the water has always come down

Heretofore!

Down deep precipices

And awful abysses,

10 feet or 15,

The water is seen

To drip,

Skip,

Trip,

Slip,

Dip,

A gill in a minute, in great agitation;

Then goes it again,

With a very perpen-

dicular smash,

Dash,

Splash,

Crash,

A pint at the least calculation!

Making no bones

Of wetting the stones,

Which can't get out,

But wriggle about,

A whole quart of the cascade has got 'em,

And the way they go

Down isn't slow;

Rumble,

And jumble,

And tumble,

Hip!

Hop!!

Drop!!!

Whop!!!!

Stop!!!!

A gallon has got to the bottom!

"There," said I, throwing my pen into the fire, and casting a glance of triumph out of the window of the Royal George towards the Southey mansion—"there is the due reward

of imposition; and may all poems be parodied, and, if possible, in worse style, that undertake to eke out the shallowness of English cascades with ladles full from He'icon."

What evil genius was it that prompted that personification of tidiness with a bunch of keys, the housekeeper, who came sailing into my chamber just then, for a final benevolent inspection and calculation of my chances for comfort, to look at me with an air as who should say—now, at last, you have got your money's worth in coming from America—and remark as she unpinned the curtains—"Been to the Falls of Lodore to-day, I suppose, sir?"

It cost her a half-crown, misguided woman that she was.

JACQUES DU MONDE.

SPANISH DANCING—A CHARMING PICTURE.
[From Friends in Council.]

DUNSFORD. Where, then, have you seen any such dancing as would at all come up to your ideal? Is there such a thing?

ELLESMERE. Why, we have all forgotten, Dunsford, that here is a man who has seen boleros and fandangoes danced by the people who invented them. Let us forthwith form ourselves into a committee of inquiry upon this matter; and, calling Milverton before us, let us at once command that specimens of Spanish dancing be presented to us. Witness, what is a bolero?

MILVERTON. A thing of great beauty and condescending stateliness. If the Graces had been brought up in Spain, they might have danced it, which cannot be predicated, I think, of the dances on any other stage I know of. I should be but too happy to show you how it is danced, but it requires a partner.

ELLESMERE. Teach me.

MILVERTON. There are some teachers who cannot teach what they know well, and some people who cannot be taught what they are very desirous to learn.

ELLESMERE. He talks like an old Greek philosopher to a stupid exoteric class.

MILVERTON. Well, I was going to tell you that it was not upon the stage, or amongst professors of the art, that I had seen the most beautiful dancing; but amongst peasants and artisans. There is a certain Spanish saint, called St. Isidro, a shepherd saint, the tutelary of Madrid, and much venerated by all classes in that city. I was there on his festal day, when all Madrid flocks out to his chapel, two or three miles from the town, and there, in family parties, the citizens have their dinners and recreate themselves. On the occasion I was present at, the weather was perfect. It was emphatically a day. Often in that Babel you land so much at times, Ellesmere, the sun, with all the good will in the world to do so, cannot make a day of it, and sorrowfully leaves eighteen hundred thousand persons unsustained by his life-giving rays. It needs for you to be very clever and very amusing people to make up for this.

ELLESMERE. If only the smoke were away, we should need none of your rustic pity.

MILVERTON. Well, as I said, it was a day. No ice wind from the neighboring sierras came down upon us with the hot sun, making a combination, like a false man's kindness, to mock us. The air was warm, and yet bracing. Altogether it was very hard for those who had to stay at home on that day. It was noon before I reached the place of concourse. The whole scene was like a fair; not one of our coarse northern fairs, but the fair in a dream. Delightful bits of red and rich amber color, which last the women much affect, came out amidst the color of the fields and the corn. The whole length of the city overlooked the

fields where the festival was kept. I made my way through the crowd which pressed up the saint's chapel, or which thronged about the tents for refreshment, and got out into the adjoining fields, where numbers of little parties were grouped about, some of whom were beginning to dance. All seemed happy. I suppose, though, there was the usual undercurrent of vexation—Juan absent from the little party where he was most longed for, and Beatriz was found in another which to some was naught without her; or Catalina dancing coldly with Luis, to the heart-breaking of poor Pedro, who looked on at a distance, but might not join them. But these things were not visible to the stranger. I stood for some time in the outer circle of several of these sets of dancers, in a large, hilly field, of irregular shape. Looking suddenly at the top of the hill, I saw against the blue sky the figure of a young girl dancing beautifully. I made my way to the little home party which this "phantom of delight" belonged to. It was on the extreme outskirts of the throng. The girl was about twelve years old, and was dancing with one of her brothers, as I conjectured. I sat down by the blind fiddler who was playing to them, and looked on. A light breeze waved against our backs the corn of the neighboring field, divided from us by no hedge. But how shall I describe to you this girl and her dancing? She was dressed in the commonest dress, with no choiceness in its arrangement; having on coarse clouted shoes, and long loose garments. Her face I do not distinctly remember; it was certainly not beautiful, only earnest. But she danced in the most consummate manner you can conceive. It was the expression of the height of passionless joy, in the utmost grace of movement. She wanted no admiration, had no other foolish thoughts; but only said, as it were, to the bystander, "I am very happy, and this is how I tell you so." Her brother, a graceful, fine youth, better dressed than his sister, quitted the dance, and another brother succeeded. Still she danced on. She tired him out, too; and the first brother then came on a second time. But there was no weariness in her. She threw her hair off her face, and went on again. She had a spectator as untiring as herself; for, I believe, if she had continued dancing till now, I should have still been watching her.

DUNSFORD. And what did you think of all this time?

MILVERTON. Ah, well, I thought of many things. I thought how the girl's talent for dancing would be noticed, and she would be brought upon the stage; and then I fancied the proud disgust with which she would listen to the applause given to inferior dancers at the wrong place; and how, amidst the gilt-paper triumphs of such a life, she would look back, perhaps, upon this very day with fondness as a really happy day. And then, I remember, I thought how little we understand pleasure, and how we crush the delicate thing in our clumsy efforts to hold it. And I looked up at the splendid palace of Madrid, and thought of regal pomps and vanities. And then, how it was I know not, I thought of death. Perhaps anything very beautiful has that thought in the background. But now the dance was stopped; the girl tripped off to fetch something; and the elders of the party moved away. I went also; and though I returned to the same place and sought afterwards in many other groups, I could not find again my beautiful dancer from the heart; nor, save in some auspicious dream, shall I see such dancing any more, I fear.

FINE ARTS.

THE DAGUERRETYPE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS.

As a man who has built and dwells under his own roof-tree, we suppose there is no greater analogous satisfaction than that which, author, artist, and publisher enjoy who have succeeded in erecting over their own heads a plan which is in the nature of a shelter of their own. The "Gallery" of Messrs. Lester, Brady & Davignon is a structure of this kind. The scheme, in its union of the finest effects of Daguerreotype, engraving, and size and clearness of publication, is unique, and secures for itself a vantage-ground in popular favor, which, from the enterprise and outlay involved, is almost in the nature of a monopoly. The seven numbers already issued, bear in the characters selected for illustration and commentary the stamp of the country; they are all marked representative men; and have that strength and scope of influence which justify their presence as ornaments, in the sitting-room, parlor, library, college, hall, or any other private or public haunt of intelligent men and women. As a series, thus far, we believe it will be acknowledged that the countenances of Clay, Webster, Taylor, Audubon, Silas Wright, Fremont, and Calhoun, are nowhere better or so well presented. It is greatly in favor of the Gallery that it is neither sectional nor limited in its plan, that it embraces men of all grades and all creeds, from all quarters of the country; that the naturalist has his place of honor as well as the magistrate and statesman. From the Prospectus of the undertaking, which will be found in another page of the *Literary World*, it will be seen that the scope of the work is still more enlarged, so as to embrace representatives of the literary interest. This is proper; and the conductor should continue to remember, as he has in the introduction of Colonel Fremont, that there are two generations of Americans since the death of Washington, who have their claimants and representatives in the statesmanship, arts, and literature of the country, and that the world is quite as curious to know who it is that expresses the rising hope as well as the past achievements of the country. In the accuracy of the daguerreotypes, the spirit and eloquence of the biography, and the execution of the portraits, the co-laborers in this undertaking have, so far, well performed their duty. The enterprise will, we trust, prove a permanent property to its projectors, as well as to the Archive history of the country.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

MR. WEBSTER, on resuming the consideration of the Compromise Bill in the Senate, prefaced his speech with these remarks on the death of President Taylor:—"Sir, there are various reflections which cannot but present themselves to the minds of men, growing out of that occurrence. The Chief Magistrate of a great Republic died suddenly. Recently elected to the office by the spontaneous voice of his fellow-countrymen, possessing in a high degree their confidence and regard, ere yet he had had a fair opportunity to develop the principles of his civil administration, he fell by the stroke of death. Yet, sir, mixed with the sad thoughts that this event suggested, and the melancholy feeling that spread over the whole country, the real lovers and admirers of our constitutional government, in the midst of their grief and affliction for his loss, find something consoling and gratifying for their reflection. The executive head of a great nation had fallen suddenly: no disturbance arose: no shock was felt in a great and free

republic. Credit, public and private, was in no way disturbed, and danger to the community or individuals was nowhere felt. The legislative authority was neither dissolved nor prorogued, nor was there any further delay in the exercise of the ordinary functions of every branch of the government, than such as was necessary for the indulgence—the proper indulgence—of the grief which afflicted congress and the country. Sir, for his country General Taylor did not live long enough; but there were circumstances in his death, so fortunate for his own fame and character, so gratifying to all to whom he was most dear, that he may be said to have died fortunately. 'That life is long which answers life's great end.' A gallant soldier, experienced in his profession, he had achieved all that was to be expected of him in that line of duty. Placed at the head of the government, as I have said, by the free voice of the people, he died in the midst of domestic affections and domestic happiness. He died in the full possession of the gratitude of his country. He died in the consciousness of duty performed. He died here, in the midst of the councils of his country, which country, through us, its organs, has bestowed upon him those simple, grand, and imposing rites, such as the republic confers on the most distinguished of her sons. He has run the race destined for him by Providence, and he sleeps with the blessings of his countrymen.

"Such honors illon to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

A correspondent of the *Boston Post*, by way of correcting some mistaken statements in regard to the author of the book on the Literature of the Slavic Nations, and of the new novel of Heloise, by a writer who takes the name of Talvi, gives the following account:—

"Talvi was, and is, the assumed name of Mrs. Professor Edward Robinson, of New York, and the word is composed of the initials of her maiden name, viz: T(heresa) A(doline) L(ouisa) V(on) J(acob). She is the daughter of L. H. Jacob, formerly professor at Halle, in Germany, and was born in 1797. In 1806 she went with her father to Charkow, in Russia, where her father was appointed professor. The half Asiatic manners of Southern Russia had their effects upon the young girl, and awakened in her a yearning for the land of her birth, which she breathed forth in songs. In 1811 she went to St. Petersburg with her father, who had received an appointment in that city. In 1816 she returned to Halle with her father. She now wrote some tales which were afterwards printed (in 1825) under her adopted name of Talvi. In 1822 she translated several of the novels of Scott, under the signature of 'Ernst Bertholdt.' She became best known, however, by her translation of the popular lays of Servia. In 1828 she married Professor Robinson, and came with him to America in 1830. Here she made herself acquainted with the Indian languages. She afterwards wrote in the English language, the 'Historical View of the Slavic Languages' (1834). In 1837 she visited Europe, where she remained until 1840, and in the meantime she published 'An Attempt at a Historical Characteristic of the Popular Lays of the Germanic Nations, together with a Review of the Extra-European Tribes,' and she also produced a little book on the 'Non-genuineness of the Poems of Ossian.' In 1845 she wrote an essay or article on 'The First Settlement in the United States,' for the historical manual of F. Raumer, and she is now engaged upon the early history of the settlements of the United States, in English. She has also published in New York the History of the Literature of the Slavic Nations."

That clever artist of New York, Launitz the sculptor, says the *Newark Advertiser*, has just returned from erecting at Frankfort, Ky., a marble monument, 60 feet high, to the memory of the departed brave of that State. It was ordered some time since at a cost of \$15,000, and was cut in New York and transported to the place where it now stands. The work is eminently successful, and we have seen numerous letters from the most

distinguished citizens and officers of that State, speaking in the highest terms of its beauty. The public enthusiasm is very great, and the sculptor, as he went on board the boat to return to New York was accompanied to the wharf by some hundreds of the enthusiastic inhabitants, and greeted with cheer upon cheer. We are happy to learn from a private letter to a distinguished gentleman of New York that his reward will not be entirely in fame. Governor Crittenden, it is expected, will propose in his next message that an additional sum of \$5000 be given to the successful artist. Private commissions amount to \$4500, and by the influence of a warm friend, Judge Brown, he, it is supposed, will be commissioned to erect a suitable testimonial, on the part of the state, to the memory of Daniel Boone.

Letters from Paris, says the *London Daily News*, announce, that M. Guizot is on the point of setting out on a journey which will comprise the leading courts in Germany. The motive assigned for this tour is to gather materials for a great historical work. The great activity in conducting political intrigues evinced by M. Guizot during his sojourn in Paris, and his assiduous appearance in the saloons of the Russian embassy, give room for surmise that his mission is by no means confined to literary researches.

The *London Architect* furnishes an additional paragraph on the Assyrian Researches:—Colonel Williams, her majesty's boundary commissioner, who has lost no opportunity of supporting Mr. Layard in his operations, occupies his spare time at present at Workah, an immense ruin south of Babylon. He had previously despatched Mr. Loftus, the naturalist attached to his diplomatic mission, accompanied by a young man (son of the late Mr. Churchill, acting as interpreter), with the caravan of mules and horses by the way of the Mesopotamian deserts; and these explorers have been fortunate enough to discover an entire mine of antiquities, consisting of bricks with very perfect inscriptions, which cannot fail to throw considerable light on the period of history to which the city, to whose previous existence they bear testimony, belongs. In addition to this, they discovered coffins of glazed earthenware, out of which they took armlets and anklets, furnished with inscriptions in a very perfect state. From these, it is probable that information as to the burial ceremonies of the dead may be collected,—in illustration, not only of their domestic life, but also of their religious ceremonies connected with the final destination of both body and soul. In the short space of three days, Mr. Loftus (by the assistance of Arab excavators) has collected from these mounds sixty very curious relics, the most important of which consisted of armlets, anklets, arrow-heads, bronze and clay statuettes, bracelets, and a sword; and, in addition to them, innumerable inscriptions. On his return to head-quarters, whither Mr. Loftus considered himself bound to proceed to obtain an extension of leave, in order to revisit the scene of his successful labors, he laded his mules with some fine fragments of a statue in black basalt, all of which will be transmitted to England with Mr. Layard's third exportation of Assyrian marbles.

The *Liverpool Mercury* has this notice of Gen. Garibaldi, on his passing through that city:—"The general is rather below the middle size, stoutly made, with an erect and soldier-like air. His manners are pleasing and lively, but in general his demeanor is staid and grave. Although brought up to the sea as a naval officer, he is well educated, and of varied acquirements, speaking fluently many languages. He was engaged in the war of the Greek revolution, and served in command of a vessel of war under Lord Cochrane, at that time admiral of the Greek fleet. He speaks in the highest terms of respect of the people of Rome, and says they are grave and well conducted. He alludes with the greatest enthusiasm to the bravery and devotion of the young men of that city; but does not appear to value highly the French as soldiers, nor their commander, Oudinot, as a tactician. Mr. Tower, from Essex, who accompanied the general, says he visited the

breaches in the walls of Rome, and that one of them, before the French gave the assault, was wide enough for fifty men to enter abreast. He also states that the house in which Garibaldi lived was perfectly riddled with shot. Mr. Tower further related a curious incident which occurred during the escape of Garibaldi from the power of the Austrians. The Austrians, knowing that Garibaldi was concealed in the town, had given an order that every person who wore a beard should be imprisoned. When the occupant of the house in which Garibaldi was concealed brought this information, he urged the general to get rid of his beard. Instead of acting on this advice, Garibaldi ordered an open barouche, into which he and his aides-de-camp entered, and driving along the line of the Austrian forces, who were drawn up in the outskirts of the town, as he passed them he saluted the Austrian officers, who returned the salute, little imagining that the general was then daringly making his escape. Garibaldi has sailed in the packet-ship *Waterloo*, for New York, leaving on the minds of all who had the pleasure of meeting him a very favorable impression."

The literary and scientific circles both of Paris and of London have, for a long time past, been greatly interested with respect to a charge made against M. Libri, a well-known *savant*, a member of the institute, and a professor of the College of France, of having committed extensive thefts of valuable manuscripts and books in the public libraries of France. Ever since the charge was first made, M. Libri has strenuously protested his innocence, and he has been warmly defended by different journals, and in various pamphlets and periodicals. After the revolution of February, he deemed it necessary to seek refuge in England. The investigation of the charges against him was, however, proceeded with, and sufficient proof of his guilt having, in the opinion of the law officers, been obtained, an indictment was preferred. M. Libri not having surrendered on this indictment, the Court of Assizes on Saturday proceeded to try him *par contumace*. The court condemned M. Libri in default to ten years' imprisonment (*reclusion*). This sentence is what the French laws call a *peine afflictive et diamante*, and consists in strict confinement, with hard labor in a house of correction; it also carries with it deprivation of civic rights.

We are indebted to a friendly pen at Cincinnati, for the following notes of the acts and whereabouts of the growing band of writers of the west. It gives us great pleasure to record the healthy development of newspaper and publishing enterprise in the employment and support of so considerable a number of American writers. A distinguished Southern author once predicted that the great development of an original American Literature would come from the west, and supported his view by many ingenious and probable arguments. Time and culture must ripen a harvest of which the seeds are already sown in the lives of an ingenuous, noble-minded, energetic race. For our correspondent's memoranda:—"Two books, by western authors, are now going the rounds among eastern critics. I refer to 'Talbot and Vernon,' and the 'Shoulder Knot.' The author of 'The Shoulder Knot' is well known in western literary circles, as the editor of the 'Ladies' Repository,' a popular monthly magazine. A western publication which has attracted favorable notice, and which sells rapidly, is 'The Taos Trail,' by Lewis Garrard, published by H. W. Derby & Co. of this city. The second part of a novel, founded on the Burr Conspiracy, will be issued next week from the press of Stratton; it is entitled 'The Traitor; or, the Fate of Ambition.' The author is Emerson Bennett, a young man whose novels find ready sale. While speaking of novels, I may as well add that W. W. Fosdick, Esq., of this city, a scion of the Drake family, so favorably known in the dramatic history of the West and South, and a near relative of the poet Drake, who died recently in Louisville, has nearly completed the manuscript of a Romance, of which the scenes are laid in Mexico, during the period of an exciting political

revolution. J. Austin Sperry, M.D., who may at this time be considered a western writer, author of the comedy of 'Extremes,' was at the last accounts collecting materials in Missouri, for an historical romance.

"Of Cincinnati Poets I can say but little. Gallagher is working in the editorial rooms of the *Daily Cincinnati Gazette*, furnishing brief biographies of the Early Writers of the West, for the *Columbian and Great West*, and has been revising his Poems for holiday publication. When the volume is issued it will be illustrated by several of the best artists of your city. Mrs. Rebecca Nichols is at present sojourning at Madison, Ia., writing Poems and Letters for the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and looking over her manuscripts preparatory to the publication of an illustrated volume during the coming winter. The Misses Carey have been for several weeks on an Eastern tour. It is understood that they are superintending the issue of another volume of their Poems.

"The newspapers of this city are now giving more encouragement to writers than they have ever before done, and the consequence is that original tales are abundant. Among the writers most popular in this line may be mentioned Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, 'Charles Summerfield,' H. G. Chipman, John Tomlin, T. W. Whitworth, and James Dixon. The newspaper poets and poetesses are many. Of these it may be well to name Mrs. C. A. Chamberlin, Mrs. F. D. Gage, Mrs. C. B. Kellum, Miss Ann S. Rickey, Rev. E. J. Weddell, Coates Kinney, Wm. D. Emerson, and S. W. Ely. The newspapers which 'pay' for Tales or Poems, are the *Commercial*, the *Gazette*, the *Enquirer*, and the *Columbian and Great West*. The latter publishes a large amount of original matter, and has paid liberally for many articles. The *Cincinnati Daily Commercial* was, I believe, the pioneer in this *quid pro quo* enterprise.

"There are now ten daily and twenty weekly papers published in Cincinnati. Of the weeklies, five are political; five are general newspapers; seven are religious; one literary; one commercial, and one temperance. Besides these, there are four monthly publications in this city, three medical and one literary.

"The Library of the Young Men's Mercantile Association now contains 10,600 volumes, and the reading room is furnished with ninety newspapers, domestic and foreign, and fifty periodicals, embracing the most prominent of Europe as well as of America. During the quarter ending July 1, 406 volumes were added to the Library, and 38 new members were received. The receipts for the quarter were \$1206 60; expenditures, \$1171 70. During the quarter, 3456 volumes were taken from the Library by members.

"The Historical Society of Ohio is now located at Cincinnati. The rooms are pleasant and commodious. The Library is large and valuable. The Annual Address by the President, W. D. Gallagher, has just been published. It is an able discourse on the History and Resources of the West and North West. In the course of a few weeks the Society will publish a historical volume by Mr. Hildreth, of our State, which will command considerable attention.

"In mentioning western writers, I neglected to state that E. D. Mansfield's new work is regarded with much favor. Mr. Mansfield has a fixed reputation as an able and industrious editor and popular author. Another western work of deep interest should not be slighted; I allude to the Biography of Herman Blennerhassett, written by Safford, and published by S. W. Ely & Co., Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Materials are now being collected here for the Biography of Rev. James H. Perkins, a popular preacher, a worthy philanthropist, and the author of several historical works of interest, a writer of many excellent Tales, and a number of fine Poems, who it will be remembered came to a melancholy end about one year since, by drowning himself in the Ohio river during a fit of tempo-

rary insanity. Rev. Wm. H. Channing is to be his Biographer.

"Otway Curry, a Poet, who in 'auld lang syne' did many 'things handsome' for western literature, is making speeches in the Ohio Constitutional Convention, writing letters for the newspapers, and occasionally woos the muses for the Ladies' Repository.

"George D. Prentice is writing Poems for Graham's Magazine, and rearing a brood of young Poets and Poetesses in the South and West, who contribute liberally to his *Journal*. Thos. H. Shreve, the Assistant Editor of the *Louisville Journal*, an able man in this field, has for several years been devoting his leisure to the writing of a 'Tale of the Revolution,' which will be ready for publication by next fall, and will be offered to some Eastern publisher during the winter. It will create a sensation, if the reports given me by those who have looked at the manuscript, fairly represent the work, and I have reason to believe they do. Prof. Noble Butler is engaged upon a series of school books for an eastern publisher, and has besides been making some excellent translations recently, among which is a translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, on which, those of the Professor's learned friends who have examined it, are quite enthusiastic."

A letter of a recent date from James Watson Webb, in the *Courier*, furnishes a couple of bits of Italian gossip, characteristic of the peculiar state of affairs at Rome. The incident related of Major Cass, the American Minister, entitles him to the gratitude of every lover of art and friend to civilization. The "eccentric Englishman" has taken for his model some of the darkest originals of the "good old" feudal times:—"An Englishman, of very eccentric character, has resided several years at Rome, in the Rossi Palace, near the Vatican. He is far advanced in life, and it is the general opinion that he is deranged. Certainly his conduct warrants this belief. A few years ago he married a young Italian lady, of princely rank. Since their marriage, her life is represented to have been one scene of misery, owing to the treatment she has experienced from her husband. A week or two since, upon some pretext or other, he induced her to accompany him into the subterranean dungeons beneath the Palace, and immured her in one of the dark, loathsome cells. For nearly two days and nights she remained in that horrible place, alone, in complete darkness, exposed to the disgusting and noxious reptiles that infest mouldering ruins. The servants of the Palace, after a diligent search, at length discovered the place of her confinement, and immediately concerted measures for her release. The British Government, as you are aware, has no diplomatic relations with the Holy See,—Americans and Englishmen are very often indiscriminately confounded by the lower classes of Rome, and under the impression that Maj. Cass was the English Minister, two of the servants of the Palace Rossi repaired to his residence and implored assistance for the liberation of their mistress—whom they believed to be at the point of death. It was impossible, of course, to resist such an appeal, and Major Cass very properly gave immediate information of the circumstance to the Police authorities. In less than an hour, the lady, I understand, was borne from the dungeon in a state of insensibility. A few days afterwards her husband had her conveyed to an obscure convent, accusing her of an intention to elope with three different individuals, of whom Major Cass, to whom she is a stranger, was named as one. As soon as this fact came to the knowledge of the ecclesiastical authorities, an investigation was commenced, at the instance of the Austrian Ambassador, which resulted in her immediate liberation. Her husband has left Rome, denouncing vengeance against the Government, Major Cass, and all who have rendered assistance to his wife. She, I understand, has gone to Naples. * * * It is due to Major Cass to say, that in no Court in Europe is our country more faithfully represented than at this; and it is matter of history at all the Courts of Europe, and the Pope

has caused it to be made matter of record there, that to Maj. Cass, the American *Chargé d'Affaires*, the civilized world is indebted for the preservation of St. Peter's, and others of the monuments of Imperial Rome, from threatened destruction by a reckless and infuriated mob. Major Cass reached here after the flight of the Pope and his Court. He was, consequently, the only representative of a foreign government in Rome, at a period when several of the leaders of the Revolution, finding that further resistance to the French was impracticable, resolved to destroy the monuments of Rome, and leave for their conquerors but a barren victory. Major Cass was aroused from his bed at two o'clock one night, and informed that several of the leaders, then in conclave, had just given orders to undermine and blow up St. Peter's, the proudest monument of human skill the world has ever seen. Without loss of time, he presented himself before the assembled vandals, and by appeals, remonstrances, and threats, in the name of his country and in behalf of the civilized world, he compelled them to abandon their fiendish purpose. His services have been duly appreciated by the Pope, and at his request, for the first time in the history of Rome, Protestant worship is now permitted in the eternal city."

Carlyle, in his last Pamphlet on Hudson's statue, gives this rationale of monument buildings in England. It is instructive. 'Of course, among the many idle persons to whom an unfortunate world has given money and no work to do, there must be, with or without wisdom (without for most part), a most brisk demand for work. Work to do is very desirable, for those that have only money and not work. "Alas, one cannot buy sleep in the market!" said the rich Farmer-general. Alas, one cannot buy work there; work, which is still more indispensable. One of these unfortunates with money and no work, whose haunts lie in the dilettante line, among Artists' Studios, Picture-Sales, and the like regions,—an inane kingdom much frequented by the inane in these times,—him it strikes, in some inspired moment, that if a public subscription for a Statue to Somebody could be started, good results would follow. Perhaps some Artist, to whom he is Mæcenas, might be got to do the Statue; at all events there would be an extensive work and stir going on,—whereby the inspired dilettante, for his own share, might get upon committees, see himself named in the newspapers; might assist in innumerable consultations, open utterances of speech and balderdash; and on the whole, be comfortably present, for years to come, at something of the nature of a 'house on fire.' house innocuously, nay beneficently on fire; a very Goshen to an idle man with money in his pocket. This is the germ of the idea; now make your idea an action. Think of a proper Somebody. Almost anybody much heard of in the newspapers, and never yet convicted of felony; a conspicuous commander-in-chief, duke no matter whether of Wellington or of York; successful stump-orator, political intriguer; lawyer that has made two hundred thousand pounds; scrip-dealer that has made two thousand thousand;—anybody of a large class, we are not particular, he will be your proper Somebody. You are then to get a brother idler or two to unite his twenty-pound note to yours: the fire is kindled, smoke rises through the editorial columns; the fire, if you blow it, will break into flame, and become a comfortable house on fire for you; solacing the general idle soul, for years to come; and issuing in a big hulk of Corinthian brass, and a notable instance of hero-worship, by and by."

VARIETIES.

THE FINGER OF GALILEO.—After all I know not whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not a little mysterious bit of something like parchment which is shown you under a glass-case in the principal public library. It stands pointing towards Heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. The hand to which it belonged is supposed

to have been put to the torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth; and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. After this let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause be good, justice will be done it some day.—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

OPERATIC IMPROMPTUS.—The following elegant impromptu, addressed by M. Scribe to Count Rossi, has appeared in the *Gazette des Theatres*, in an article which records the unprecedented success of *La Tempesta*:—

A MONSIEUR LE COMTE ROSSI.

"C'est toi seul qui pouvais enchaîner dans son vol
Ce Rossignol divin qui nous charme à l'entendre.
Car de tout temps Rossi, chacun doit le comprendre,
Fut la moitié de Rossignol."

—EUGENE SCRIBE.

Of course it is impossible really to translate this, as the *Calembourg* will not be torn from the language which is its native soil, but a semi-Gallic attempt may be admissible.

"Thou in her flight could'st fetter, thou alone,
That nightingale which charms the inmost soul;
Rossi has ever been, to all 'tis known,
The half of Rossignol."

Halevy having requested the great basso's autograph for his album, Lablache immediately wrote the following:—

"Quanto dalle altre varia
D'Alevey la Tempesta;
Quelle van plover grandine,
Oro fa plover questa."

—L. LABLACHE.

"The thunders of Halevy are
From other tempests different far:
Hail only threatens us from those;
From his the gold in torrent flows."

—*Liverpool Albion.*

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and for his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in the course of his sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

THE CICALA.—This famous "grasshopper" of Anacreon, as the translators call it, but which is not a grasshopper but a beetle, sitting on the trees, produces his "song" by scraping a hollow part of his chest with certain muscles. The noise is so loud, as well as incessant, during the heats of the summer days, as to resemble that of a stocking manufactory. Travellers in Sicily declare that, while conversing with a friend along a wood, you cannot be heard for them.—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

THE EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIERS.—The water-carriers are a curious class of people, and famous for getting into all sorts of intrigues. They pursue their trade in various ways. Some have camels, which carry two enormous water-sacks of ox-hide, one on each side; others have only asses, which bear a sheepskin full; others carry a kurbah on their backs, and distribute cool refreshing draughts to the passers-by. In Cairo they go about exclaiming, "Recompense me, O God!" but in Alexandria they have a peculiar cry, of which I could never obtain any proper explanation, "Sellaow! Sellaow!"—*St. John's Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.*

THE GARDEN GATE.

"Stand back, bewildering politics!
I've placed my fences round;
Pass on, with all your party tricks,
Nor tread my holy ground.
Stand back—I'm weary of your talk,
Your squabbles, and your hate:
You cannot enter in this walk—
I've closed my garden gate."

"Stand back, ye thoughts of trade and pelf;
I have a refuge here;
I wish to commune with myself—
My mind is out of gear.
These bowers are sacred to the page
Of philosophic lore;
Within these bounds no envies rage—
I've shut my garden door."

"Stand back, Frivolity and Show,
It is a day of spring;
I want to see my roses blow,
And hear the blackbird sing.
I wish to prune my apple-trees,
And nail my peaches straight;
Keep to the causeway, if you please—
I've shut my garden gate."

"I have no room for such as you,
My house is somewhat small;
Let Love come here, and Friendships true,
I'll give them welcome all;
They will not scorn my household stuff,
Or criticise my store.
Pass on—the world is wide enough—
I've shut my garden door."

"Stand back, ye Poms! and let me wear
The liberty I feel.
I have a coat at elbows bare—
I love its *deshabille*.
Within these precincts let me rove,
With Nature, free from state;
There is no tinsel in the grove—
I've shut my garden gate."

"What boots continual glare and strife?
I cannot always climb;
I would not struggle all my life—
I need a breathing time.
Pass on—I've sanctified these grounds
To friendship, love, and lore:
Ye cannot come within the bounds—
I've shut the garden door."

CHARLES MACKAY.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

*** THE SEVENTH VOLUME of the LITERARY WORLD commenced with Number 179. Subscribers wishing to receive the work from the commencement should order immediately.

☞ SAMPSON LOW, 169 Fleet Street, London, is our authorized Agent for Great Britain.

ERRATUM.—In Professor Lewis's article (No. 180), correct an error in making up. In the first column on page 29 in the 7th line from bottom, after the word "depravity" should come the words "the mode of the redemption, &c.," on the second column line 7th, and so on down to the word "secularizing" (inclusive) line 34.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND have just ready Mrs. Stone's new novel, *Mrs. Dalton's Legatee*, published from the advanced sheets. Lamartine's new romance, *Genevieve*, is being translated from an early copy received by these publishers, for immediate publication. They have also announced in preparation the military romance, just completed in Blackwood for July, entitled *My Peninsular Medal*. This house have nearly ready the first series of the *Lorgnette*, illustrated by DARLEY, in one 12mo. volume.

GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN will publish shortly—Lectures on Christian Character. By Rev. William R. Williams, D.D. To be followed by Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By Rev. William Williams, D.D.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have in press—"Haw-Ho-Noo; or, the Records of a Tourist." By Charles Lanman, author of "Letters from the Alleghany Mountains," etc.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM JUNE 22D TO JULY 20TH.

A Midsummer's Fête at Woodland Hall. 12mo. pp. 30 (H. Kernot.)
Baird (Robt.)—Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America in 1849. 12mo. pp. 354 (Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.)
Belden (E. P.)—New York: Past, Present and Future—illustrated. 12mo. pp. 348 (Pratt, Lewis & Co.)
Carlyle (T.)—Latter-Day Pamphlets, No. 7. Hudson's Statue. 12mo. pp. 39 (Harper & Bros.)
Carlyle (T.)—Latter-Day Pamphlets, No. 7. Hudson's Statue. 12mo. pp. 48 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)
Chauvenet (Wm. Prof. of Math. A. U. S. Naval Academy.)—A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. 8vo. pp. 256 (Philadelphia: Henry Perkins.)
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